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The attention of the Principals of Schools and Colleges is called to the following facts connected with legal proceedings recently taken in the Court of Chancery on the ground of an alleged piracy on the part of M. Contanseau, in order that there may be no misapprehension on that subject as respects Dr. Spiers' large octavo Dictionary (2 vols. price 11. 1s.) and his *School Dictionary* (1 vol. 12mo.) compared with M. Contanseau's *Practical Dictionary* (1 vol. post 8vo.)

A bill for an injunction on the alleged ground of piracy was filed in the Court of Chancery by Dr. Spiers against the publishers of M. Contanseau's *Practical French Dictionary*. The case was one of the most elaborate in its details ever submitted to a Court of justice, and the argument lasted for 51 hours. It is important to be known that, after an unusually careful and minute investigation by the learned Vice-Chancellor, Sir W. Page Wood, a judgment was given in favour of M. Contanseau, the injunction was refused, and the bill dismissed.

His Honour, after explaining both the plaintiff's and defendant's cases, said he must now enter upon an examination of the external and internal proofs of the alleged piracy. He thought the external testimony was favourable to M. Contanseau. That he began his Dictionary in 1843 or 1849 there was no doubt whatever, for he had the evidence of nine Professors of Addiscombe, who had spoken to his being engaged on his Dictionary for many years. It was favourable to him that he had communicated his intention of publishing such a work to plaintiff, at least six years before its publication. This was inconsistent with any idea of copying or piracy. He had an obvious and natural motive for publishing his work, which was intended for his pupils at Addiscombe. Again, M. Contanseau having an unlimited right to copy the English-French part of Dr. Spiers' octavo Dictionary, in which there is no copyright, he had not, in composing his own Dictionary, begun with the English-French but with the French-English part. Then, further, there was this matter highly favourable to the defendant Contanseau, that he went to a highly respectable publisher, who submitted the work to the revision of an eminent literary man, Dr. Cauvin, who had edited *Brande's Scientific Dictionary*; it was not brought out in a hurry, but with care and revision. It was also favourable to the defendant that he produced his manuscript all written with his own hand. As to the internal evidence, his Honour said, that with respect to Dr. Spiers' *School Dictionary*, it was beyond all controversy that there had been no copying at all, and he had therefore dismissed that from his mind at once. The question was thus limited entirely to the octavo French-English Dictionary published in 1849. As to this work, his Honour said that it was the best Dictionary he had ever seen, a work of great research, and of a high character, an excellent book for a library. At the same time, Dr. Spiers had shown a degree of over-weening paternal fondness in claiming originality for his work. His Honour, after enumerating the several points of originality, no less than twenty-three in number, claimed by Dr. Spiers, said that it was absurd to say that many of these things had not been done by any one before. There could be no doubt that, as to his vocabulary and arrangement, M. Contanseau had taken them from *Bescherelle*, and not from Dr. Spiers. The whole question really was reduced to the acceptations in the French-English octavo. With respect to the labour of the investigation made by him (his Honour), he might state that he had spent, on the few pages selected for minute investigation by himself, no less than five hours upon each column, and ten hours upon the page, in examining and sifting the defendant's work. He found that M. Contanseau's work went largely beyond a mere abridgment of Dr. Spiers' (octavo, 2 vols.) *Indeed, he had seen in the defendant's work, especially in the English-French part, vast improvements which he had not yet seen anywhere else.* Not by any means was every article taken from Dr. Spiers' octavo; much consisted of emanations from the defendant's own brain, some were translations from *Bescherelle*, some taken from other Dictionaries. Then there was the subsequent process of comparing such abridgment with other Dictionaries, revising, striking out, and elaborating. Further than this, there was the second operation of considerable labour, the revision and examination of Dr. Cauvin. The result was, that M. Contanseau had produced an entirely different work from that of the plaintiff, and UNQUESTIONABLY A MOST VALUABLE AND INGENIOUS PRACTICAL WORK.

Without denying the merit of Dr. Spiers' large octavo Dictionary, we beg here to call particular attention to the fact that this octavo Dictionary is widely different from his *School Dictionary*, which was at once put aside by the Vice-Chancellor (as stated in the above judgment) as not to be compared with either of the other two works, viz., Spiers' octavo, and Contanseau's *Practical French*

*Dictionary*, which is essentially a School Dictionary. Moreover, we must add here, that the superiority of Contanseau's Dictionary over the *School Dictionary* of Dr. Spiers was admitted in Court, at least for the purposes of the argument, both by Dr. Spiers himself and by his senior counsel, and we believe that a few moments of comparison between those works will convince any one of the superiority of Contanseau's *Practical French Dictionary*.

We would in particular call attention to one distinctive excellence of Contanseau's Dictionary which is not to be found, as a system, either in Dr. Spiers' octavo Dictionary or *School Dictionary*, or in any other Dictionary of the two languages; but it is something which renders Contanseau's Dictionary invaluable to students.

When an English pupil is translating French into English, and he looks into his Dictionary for the meaning of some French word, he will find, perhaps, many English equivalents, from which he must select one; but, in consequence of his knowledge of his own language, he seldom experiences any difficulty in selecting that particular equivalent which best suits the context. Hence it is that, in translating French into English, a Dictionary of very humble pretensions is generally sufficient. But the case is quite different when the student is engaged in the more difficult operation of translating English into French. When he looks out the English word in the English-French part, and seeks for the proper French equivalent, he finds, perhaps, a dozen equivalents "in most admired confusion," and he becomes completely puzzled, because, from his ignorance of the French language, he is unable to pick out the word really appropriate to the subject-matter he is writing about; and the most absurd blunders are the frequent result. This is because the Dictionary which he consults does not tell him how to select the proper French word, and he takes the wrong one. But Contanseau's *Practical Dictionary* supplies this defect, and always gives precise *directions* which enable the student to select unerringly the French word proper to be used with reference to the subject-matter.

Take, for instance, the verb neuter "to sink," which is thus given in Contanseau's *Practical Dictionary*:—

SINK, v. n. (SANK, SUNK; SUNK) 1. *s'enfoncer*; 2. (to go to the bottom) *aller au fond*; 3. (to fall, fall) *tomber*, *baisser*, *diminuer*; 4. (penetrate) *entrer*, *pénétrer*; 5. (to lose height) *s'abaisser*, *descendre*; 6. (pers.) *se laisser tomber*; 7. (to be overwhelmed) *succomber*; 8. (to decay) *périr*; 9. (to be depressed) *être abattu*, *être dans l'abattement*; 10. (to decline) *décliner*; 11. (to be reduced to) *dégréner* (en); 12. (of ships) *couler bas*; 13. (of buildings) *se tasser*, *tasser*.

To—away, *tomber*. To—down, 1. *s'enfoncer*, *aller au fond*; 2. (fall prostrate) *s'affaisser*; 3. (to lower) *s'abaisser*; 4. (of the sun, &c.) *descendre*, *se coucher*; 5. (pers.) *se laisser tomber*; *tomber*. To—under, *succomber*.

The same word is thus given in Dr. Spiers' *School Dictionary*:—

Sink, v. n. (Sank; Sunk) 1. *s'enfoncer*; 2. *aller*, *tomber au fond*; *tomber*; 3. *entrer*; *pénétrer*; 4. *baisser*; *diminuer*; 5. *s'abaisser*; 6. *descendre*; 7. *tomber*; 8. (pers.) *se laisser tomber*; 9. *succomber*; *périr*; 10. *être abattu*; *dans l'abattement*; 11. *décliner*; *s'affaisser*; 12. *dégréner*; 13. (of prices) *baisser*; 14. (nav.) *couler bas*, *à fond*.  
To—away, *tomber*; to—down, 1. *s'enfoncer*; *aller*, *tomber au fond*; 2. *s'affaisser*; 3. *s'abaisser*; 4. *descendre*; *se coucher*; 5. (pers.) *se laisser tomber*; 6. *tomber*; 7. *succomber*; *périr*.

The superiority of Contanseau's explanation of the word is too obvious to require comment; and if any corresponding pages of the two books are compared together, it will be seen that this superiority prevails throughout, and is not confined to a few words. In Dr. Spiers' octavo Dictionary, instances occasionally occur in which explanations are given for the selection of the proper word, but they are always given in French instead of English. This peculiarity in Dr. Spiers' Dictionary is attributable to the circumstance that his work was originally produced in France, for the use of French persons studying English; and it is the Dictionary now used in the Colleges in France as the one best suited to Frenchmen. But Contanseau's Dictionary was written specially for English persons studying French, and his DIRECTIONS for the proper selection of French words are given in English, so as to be perfectly intelligible to every English student, and their presence is never dispensed with, as is so frequently the case even in Dr. Spiers' large octavo work. Hence it is easy to understand how much more accurate the pupil's French exercise must be when composed with the assistance of the *Practical Dictionary*. It is this admirable method that renders Contanseau's Dictionary, in the truest sense, a "Practical" one. The same method may sometimes be found, in an imperfect and rudimentary form, in other French Dictionaries; but in Contanseau's it is elaborated into a system. It was principally its great merit in this respect that caused it to supersede, at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and at Sandhurst, the *School Dictionary* of Dr. Spiers, which had before been in use there.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1858.

## REVIEWS

*Homer's Iliad, Odyssey, Hymns, &c.; Hesiod's Works and Days; Musæus' Hero and Leander; and Juvenal's Fifth Satire.* Translated by George Chapman. With Introduction and Notes by Richard Hooper, M.A. 5 vols. (J. R. Smith.)

THESE are not the days to look for famous paraphrases or bold translations. We have excellent scholarship, but not over-nervous prose. There is no scarcity of pretty fancy, but not overmuch of any great and notable poetry. Language whispers and creeps, but grows neither in strength nor in wisdom by suiting itself to the lisping of fashion and mimicking the slang of saloons. We want more open air and daylight, less glare and artifice,—more wind and hail and thunder to clear the realms of prose and verse. In fact, we want honest English—we need to hear inspired poetry, speaking to us in this free tongue of ours in which long ago we were born. Never out of place or season is the voice of old Homer, speaking out “loud and bold,” as Keats well says, and the old bard, indeed, does indeed so speak through George Chapman. There are, we know, other Homers,—false Homers, sham Homers, burlesque Homers, Homers most undivine and unheroic, sent before their time into this gasping literary world, *sans* feet, *sans* mouth, *sans* sense, *sans* everything.

We have a dim recollection of Mr. Barter's Homer, which, sooth to say, a literature must be on its last legs before it could be reduced to assist itself by for one moment,—we have seen Homer reduced to the size of a nutshell,—we have collected immortal parts of him in strange dialects and metres,—we have taken him up in Hudibrastic doggerel,—smiled at him in good old Hobbes's literary and nines,—recognized him in Ugo Foscolo's Italian and Voss's sounding German,—found him talk like rather a waiting gentlewoman in Madame Dacier's excellent French,—we have heard him mimic Milton in Cowper,—compose himself in Sotheby,—feel his rough gold beaten into thinnest leaf in Pope,—and Homer, that old man eloquent who goes round the world in valorous ships and does business in immortal waters, we have only found to love and have confidence in, as far as England is concerned, in George Chapman. We have not forgotten, nor are ungrateful for, the breath and bloom gathered from Homeric fields, and neither mixed nor crushed in its transference to the verse of Maginn, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, and a translator of distinguished merit, not sufficiently known, the younger Chapman. We hope never to forget Homer as he has been translated by Flaxman. Achilles, grand and tall and gloomy, with nostrils expanded, lips wide, his whole figure looming above the sea already darkened with the coming storm,—nor, again, the vivid fire-flashing Horses of the Sun,—nor Death and Sleep carrying away the dead body of Sarpedon,—nor the pathetic return of Ulysses; yet if we are to choose between Flaxman and Chapman, and may not, as we ought to, have both together, *why vivat Georgius!*

Chapman gives us not only Homer's outline, but clothes it with his own English solidity and nerve and strength. He never misses a poetical occasion: we lose nothing of the terror of plague or fire or sword,—nothing of the fragrance of leaves bred in the spring, or the deep meadows,—or the hum of the Ionian bees round the bloom of the hillside vineyards,—or the flash of the mowers' scythe as they lay

down successive swathes to the delight of the old pastoral king who sits in the shade, divinely calm. Then, too, what an un-Christian tramp and eagerness for battle we hear, what smoke of barbarous incense and sacrifice we see, what an unfurling of picturesque milk-white sails,—and, as it seems to us rulers of the waves, what clumsy collier-like navigation! Yet the sun and the air and the wind creeping along the plains of Argos or wafting the smoke from Ithaca, or stealing odour from the gardens of Alcinous, are sweet. We watch the horses white as the snow, or bright as the sun-beams, or rapid as birds, bounding along the plains,—we hear the monstrous stone tumbling down the cleft,—or the woodcutter chopping away all day among the trees,—or the wild boar trampling the reeds in the brake,—or the two ramping lions that have pounced upon the bellowing bull, and, in defiance of the baying mastiffs and yellow-coated herdsmen, are lapping the black blood. Then hark, along the banks of Scamander what outlandish noise, and clang, and gathering, and settling down of the long-haired soldiers into orderly ranks. With a sound as of cranes or of long-necked swans, the marsh heaves and creaks. The ranks will soon be as thick as leaves or flies about a milk-pail, and the sun will hurl his spreading light down on the divine military brass, as a fire blazing along the tops of the hills. King Agamemnon, in girth like Mars, with eyes and brow full of thunder, eminent in bull-like majesty, is the commander-in-chief. If tired with quarrel and battle, we would rest: there is cheerful, light-hearted society to be enjoyed elsewhere. With our feeble digestion, we may wonder at the symposiastical capabilities of the Greek heroes, speculate upon the absence of grace at banquets, and the “*non nobis Jupiter*”; or on the Trojan walls we may sit in fair company, and within the city may see great Hector doff his terrible helmet, and carefully lay down the dancing plume to take up his little son. We shall dislike the priggishness of Menelaus and the prudery of Penelope, and incline to the opinion of Priam, that Helen was a woman worth fighting for. That dream of a fair woman, so full of fondness and weakness, quick to admire the good, yet follow the ill, rising to the height of nobility in the presence of manly Hector, yet always yielding to her voluptuous instinct as soon as slim Paris, “dangler after women,” makes his appearance,—feeble, frail, tearful Helen, half a Christian, as Mr. Gladstone thinks (“every word she utters big with good nature and repentance”),—is not an unpleasant picture to have kneeling at our heart's confessional. Yet, on the whole, our opinion upon Helen will not dissent from the moralist who sees her in Hades, sitting among the dead. “Is this the woman,” mused he, “for whom the Greeks fought and fell for these ten years—this heap of bones?”

Distinct and full-voiced are the tones of Homer in George Chapman's version, which, as a translation, is worthy of the age which gave us Shakespeare and our grand old English Bible. The children of an age which achieved epics by land and sea could only fitly translate them. Contemporaries of Essex and Raleigh, who “drunk delight of battle with their peers,” and dreamt of Phæacian islands glittering in the haze of the West, were heroes who could well melodize for English ears what they heard “far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.” They knew the good old rule for translation. “The order of words in a translation, when placed as they ought to be, carries a light before it, whereby a man may preserve the

length of his period, as a torch in the night shows a man the stops and unevenness of his way. But when placed unnaturally the reader will often find unexpected checks, and be forced to go back and hunt for the sense, and suffer such *unease* as in a coach a man unexpectedly finds in passing over a rough ground.”

Chapman, indeed, has not macadamized, as Pope has done, the course of English verse, but he has carried it, in spite of fourteen-syllabic obstacles, to a pass as panoramic as that of the Simplon. He has searched, as he tells us, “the deep and treasured heart” of Homer, and found what earlier and later translators have wanted, “the fit key with Poesy to open Poesy.” How fond he is of monosyllables, and how ingenious his defence of their use!—

—I can prove it clear  
That no tongue hath the Muses' utterance heired  
For verse, and that sweet music to the ear  
Struck out of rhyme, so naturally as this.  
Our monosyllables so kindly fall,  
And meet oppos'd in rhyme as they did kiss.

Chapman's genius was essentially epical, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are, to borrow from Charles Lamb, “not so properly translations as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses rewritten.” Wild and loud and vehement, not always felicitous in his rhymes, there is a Pagan belief and bigotry in Chapman that wins respect and reverence. He has been suckled in the creed of Homer, felt the clear day, and smelt the fresh brine caught up about the Homeric hills. Better for English poesy had it been if Pope's Homer, with its conventional epithets, in-door elegance, and rapid periphrases, had never seen the light, and still better will it be when it ceases to be read, or is only a favourite with mere dandy poets. What rare Ben Jonson, in 1618, said of Chapman's *Hesiod* is, in the main, true still of his Homer.—

If all the vulgar tongues, that speak this day,  
Were ask'd of thy discoveries, they must say  
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,  
As now of all men it is call'd thy trade,  
And who make thither else rob, or invade.

—“Glorious John,” in his version of the First Book of the *Iliad*, appears to have both “robbed and invaded.” Sotheby has fine swelling lines, such as—

Earth, shadowy mountains, and a dashing sea,

—which, however close, cannot compare with George Chapman's

Hills enow, and far resounding seas,

that

Pour out their shades and deeps between.

In descriptive force and a certain naked majesty, Chapman stands midway between Shakespeare and Milton. It is not unlikely that our two great poets caught occasionally light from his poems. What a grand Miltonic roll is there in the opening of the *Iliad*, not to speak of the success which Chapman has attained in so faithfully transferring in the last line the apposition of the two prime movers of the epic:—

Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess, that impos'd  
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls lo'd  
From breasts heroic; sent them far to that inviolable cave  
That no light comforts; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave:

To all which Jove's will gave effect; from whom first strife began  
Betwixt Atreides, king of men, and Thetis' godlike son.

The moonlight scene in the Eighth Book of the *Iliad* (of which Wordsworth with his keen eye has detected Homer's want of observation in not making the stars dim) represents Chapman's peculiar force and grotesqueness:—

The winds transferr'd into the friendly sky  
Their supper's savour; to the which they sat delightfully,  
And spent all night in open field. Fires round about them  
shin'd,  
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,

And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects,  
And the brows  
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for  
shows,  
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,  
When the unmeasur'd firmament bursts to disclose her  
light,  
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's  
heart;  
So many fires disclos'd their beams, made by the Trojan  
part,  
Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets show'd.

The editor of these five rare volumes has done an incalculable service to English literature by taking George Chapman's folios out of the dust of time-honoured libraries, by collating them with loving care and patience, and, through the agency of his enterprising publisher, bringing Chapman entire and complete within the reach of those who can best appreciate, and least afford to purchase the early editions. Herefor the first time duly punctuated, with Prefaces, Dedications, and a very interesting Life, are the 'Iliads of Homer, the Prince of Poets,' the Odyssey, the Homeric Hymns, Hesiod's Works and Days, Musæus' Hero and Leander, and Juvenal's Fifth Satire. These latter works are of extra rarity. Through the liberality of Messrs. Boone, of Bond Street, we are indebted for a dedication from a folio of 1624, in Chapman's own autograph, and two sonnets. The dedication is as follows:—

"In love & honor of yr Righte virtuouse and  
worthy Gent: M<sup>r</sup> Henry Reynolds, and to crowne  
all his deservings with eternall memorie, Geo.  
Chapman formes this Crowne & conclusion of all  
the Homericall meritts w<sup>th</sup> his accomplit  
Improvements; advising that if at first sighte he  
seeme darcke or too ferie, He will yet holde him  
fast (like Proteus) till he appeere in his proper  
similitude, and he will then shewe himselfe

—vatem egregium, cui non est publica vena,  
Qui nihil expositum solent deducere; nec qui  
Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ."

Of the birth, life, and fortunes of Chapman, as of most of our great poets, we know but little. From the portrait prefixed to the Iliad it would seem that he was born in 1559, as he is there represented as 57 in 1616. He was born, if we are to trust William Brown, at "fair Hitchin Hill," and according to Wharton, passed two years at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took more heed of Homer than Aristotle.

The shield of Homer in 1596, perhaps, was dedicated to Lord Essex—"the most honoured living instance of Achillean virtues." Then followed seven Books of the Iliad,—then, in 1606, the rare little diamond edition of "Musæus," still in the Bodleian, the smallest example of English typography, not two inches long and scarcely one broad, dedicated to his "exceeding good friend," Inigo Jones,—then the Hesiod, with a pun upon the Gray's Inn wits.—

Gravis ingenium, Gravis dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.

Then, faster every year, plays and comedies, translations and poems, for at that time, as Chapman's friend George Davies of Hereford regrets,—

In his hand too little coin did lie.

Poets in London of all artists then got "least in uttering their ware," yet Master Davies consoles his friends with a hint of after recompense:

But, George, thou wert accurst, and so was I,  
To be of that most blessed company,  
For if the most are blessed that most are crost  
Then poets I am sure are blessed most.

A man of "reverend aspect, religious and temperate," Chapman was a fit compeer of Shakespeare and Marlowe, Bacon and Sydney and Essex. His sonnets are full of a fine heroic spirit. Take an example.—

Virtue in all things else at best she betters,  
Honour she heightens and gives life in death,  
She is the ornament and soul of letters,  
The world's deceit before her vanisheth.

George Chapman, *stat.* 77, "made his last

exit in the parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, near London, on the 12th day of May, 1634, and was buried in the yard on the south side of the church." Erected over his grave was a monument "built after the way of the old Romans," by his friend Inigo Jones, the inscription as follows—"Georgius Chapmanus, poeta Homerici, Philosophus verus, (*etsi* Christianus poeta)," &c. That monument has been destroyed: by the care and charge of Richard Hooper and John Russell Smith this honourable memorial has been raised. The public will, we doubt not, duly honour it.

*A New Yorker in the Foreign Office, and his Adventures in Paris.* By Henry Wikoff. (Trübner & Co.)

Secret Service are words which convey an idea not pleasing to the modern Englishman. Among the honoured and honourable of all times they suggest visions of sinks and sewers,—of palms the itching of which can only be allayed by golden ointment,—of sly approaches made to the Pompadour whom Public Virtue in high places would disavow, but whose influence is, nevertheless, worth conciliating,—of honey or gall dropped by go-between into the ears of one great statesman, which the other great instigator may ignore at any moment when it shall suit him to be unaware of the dropping. Secret service brings, too, its own peril; its own revenge. The secret servant—supposing him discharged for misconduct, or indiscretion, or on the completion of the occult job—is by nature and occupation the most likely of all men to reveal the secret—to turn on his employer. The very want of shame which made him willing to crawl up the back-stairs for hire, renders it easy for him to expose the compact, to break the seal on the treaty, to exaggerate and accuse, in retaliation for his discharge, or in hope of extorting hush-money. Therefore—merely to recommend the lowest from among the many morals which facts so obvious as the above suggest—statesmen will do well to show caution in hiring secret servants—to ascertain without doubt that Charles is not given to drink,—nor James devoted to the gambling tent on the race-course,—and particularly that Peter has not been used to play the part of *Lothario* behind the scenes of the pantomime! It is difficult to find honest men willing to descend to such occupation,—but even among the dishonest there may perhaps be degrees, antecedents,—characters more or less battered, more or less truthfully written out.

Most thinkers who devote a spare half-hour to this stupid book will draw from it conclusions not dissimilar from ours. There is comfort in the consideration, that such authorship as its author's soon comes to an end. Mr. Wikoff's love adventures and sufferings [*Athen.* No. 1426] might be amusing to those who care for scandal, albeit the tale failed to establish him in the ranks of unjustly requited lovers. His official grievances will find smaller sympathy. They are laid before the world, he acknowledges, because the Foreign Office did not choose to pay for their suppression! Reluctantly, in truth, are they given out. Not for the world would the discharged official do an ungentle thing,—not for the world would he divulge what has passed betwixt him and the august personages who rule the international relations of European countries! Badly as they have used him, he reveres them still!—he watches over their reputations,—but has he not also a reputation of his own to watch over? And, since they do not choose to go to the expense of a padlock, is it his fault or theirs if the bag will fly open, and if the soiled contents of the bag will tumble out?

Let a jury of English and Americans decide. We have rarely seen so clear a case of conscience more pathetically put.

It was in 1849 that Mr. Wikoff—already known in certain English and French circles before and behind the scenes as a theatrical agent—came once again to Europe to ascertain what "the '48" might have turned up for his advantage. He had made acquaintances of all sorts in Paris. He saw through everybody—he put every one's politics to rights—he prophesied what must happen. The following is the liveliest specimen of his real or imaginary conversation which may be cited, because it indicates the tone of the book:—

"I breakfasted often at this epoch with Louis Blanc, and peering into his intelligent face, sought to fathom the mysteries of Socialism. He talked most eloquently, but when I desired to examine the machinery of his system, he hesitated. His theory was not yet in governmental shape. I dropped in occasionally on M. Marrast, Editor of the *National*, the democratic journal. 'If the monarchy falls,' I asked, 'what then?'—'The Republic,' he exclaimed.—'What kind of Republic?'—'*Cela dépend*' (that depends), and he explained no further. I saw the contemplated French Republic was in a nebulous state. I observed on one occasion to M. de Lamartine, 'Your book is making a deep sensation.'—'I am glad of it,' he returned, 'for my publisher gave me a large sum. Here, take the prospectus with you for your friends.'—Strange that the illustrious author thought only of the pecuniary success of his book, little dreaming, likely, of the blow he had given the monarchy. I went to the house of M. Thiers, one evening, with his friend, the Prince de La Moskowa. M. Thiers was the chief *accoucheur* of Louis Philippe's dynasty, but was supplanted, at last, by his rival Guizot. I inferred his discontent, and ventured to touch a new chord. I spoke to him opportunely of the Prince Louis Napoleon. He listened. I continued my remarks, when, at length, he said, 'How old is he?' A word from such a man is a volume. I divined his thought, to wit, that the Prince was young enough to wait till he had Bonapartized France more deeply with his magnificent History of the Consulate and the Empire. I discussed one morning with the brilliant chivalric Berryer the chances of the old monarchy. 'Will it ever return?' I queried.—'Why not,' he said; 'it returned once, and may it not again?'—Many more remarkable men I had the good fortune to meet at the moment I speak of, but each, as I have shown, was sailing in a bark of his own, and to a different and uncertain haven. The interview that affected me most was that, which, after great difficulty, I obtained with the illustrious Chateaubriand. He was broken down in health and confined to his bed-room, where for a couple of hours daily he was propped up in a chair. His family alone were admitted, and I was the last stranger that ever approached him. He sat, as I entered, with his venerable head drooping on his breast, plunged apparently in stupor. I conversed in a low tone with his nephew, the Marquis de ——. Our conversation gradually wandered on to politics, when the nephew talked of the restoration some day of his legitimate King. Chateaubriand shook his head slowly, but spoke not. After a pause we went on, commenting on the career of the existing Monarchy, and in the course of a little time the Patriarch with difficulty raised his head, his eye gazing on vacancy. '*Cela ira comme tout le reste. L'avenir est au peuple.*' (That will pass like all the rest. The future belongs to the people.) His voice was sepulchral, and the words seemed to struggle up from his heart. His head sank downward again, and soon after I withdrew. How solemn and emphatic this renunciation of all his efforts, of all his hopes. Chateaubriand gave Christianity back to France, but his last breath closed it against that Royal race to whom his ancestors for centuries had faithfully clung. I spoke of a single exception, amongst all the great intellects I encountered, that seemed to have come to a clear and positive conclusion. I sat one day



at an open casement with an old man, whose thin grey locks fluttered in the gentle breeze of spring. His face overflowed with benevolence; the fire of genius sparkled in his eye. This was the Abbé Lamennais, first a Priest of Rome, and last a fervent Democrat, and the writer whose burning words had seared deepest the popular heart of France. His tones were calm and deep like his conviction. 'Then, the Monarchy of July,' I said as I rose.—'Dead.'—'Its elder brother.'—'Dead.'—'May they not revisit France?'—'Like spectres—only to vanish.'—'The Bonapartes.'—'Yes, in their turn.'—'The Republic.'—'Inevitable.'—'Will it stand?'—'It matters not.'—'Wherefore?' His eye wandered over the plains to a distant point.—'Because in its arms only can France, the world, find rest.'—I have thus glanced briefly at the smiling surface of French Society in '47, and as hurriedly pointed at the powerful undercurrents that were percolating beneath.

Mr. Wikoff had ere this, in 1845, done service, he tells us, to the present Emperor, in the days when he lay in *durance* in Ham. In short, the New Yorker was launched in the French world familiar with every bubble of the political cauldron there, and quite able, he assures us, to name the winning bubble. Here is a scene after dinner at the *Elysée*, at which Mr. Wikoff figured,—by his own report,—together with other among the most famous men of Europe.—

"The dinner ended without further incident, and the President leading the way, as before, the company returned to the drawing-rooms. I joined M. Berryer, whom I had not met since my arrival, and after chatting awhile, playfully remarked on my satisfaction at seeing him in the palace of a Republican President. He smiled significantly, whilst he added that—"In times like these a luckless politician was hardly responsible for what he said or did." During our dinner Mr. Brett, so well known for his telegraphic enterprise, had obtained permission of the Prince to run a wire through the various saloons of the palace, in order to exhibit to him some striking improvements, jointly invented by himself and an American associate. As the preparations were going on, I happened to be standing near the President, when M. de Montalembert came up, and with that cynicism so characteristic of the man, remarked, in a sneering tone—"Qu'est ce que vaut tout cela?"—(what is all that worth!) pointing to the telegraph. I shall never forget the genuine look of astonishment of the President.—"What is all that worth?" he repeated mechanically, "mais c'est la civilisation" (why, it is civilization), he added.—"Oh, le beau mot!" (Oh, the fine phrase) returned M. de Montalembert, in real disdain. The President said no more, but turning, talked with Mr. Brett. When all was ready, the President was solicited to make the first experiment, and he wrote a single line to the effect 'that M. Berryer dined at the *Elysée* on—day of March, 1849,' which was duly printed on slips, and passed round amongst the guests. The simple use of M. Berryer's name, who was accidentally standing by when the President was called on for a phrase, threw all the politicians present, I could observe, into deep rumination. What could it mean! was a mystery that likely cost them whole days of perplexity. The wires were soon taken down, and the company began rapidly to disperse. On going, I advanced to thank the President for the honour of his invitation, and to express the interest that meeting so many remarkable men had afforded me. In return, the Prince was kind enough to avow his satisfaction at some publications of mine, during the summer of '48, wherein I declared my conviction of his being called to the head of France so positively that the French Minister at Washington, M. Poussin, pronounced me *un fou*. "As often happens," remarked the Prince, playfully, 'I dare say you are not a little surprised to find all your predictions at last so completely verified.'—'However that may be,' I replied, 'I assure your Highness that it is fortunate for me as well as for France that you were elected.'—'How so?' inquired the President.—'Simply because I foretold your success with such unqualified confi-

dence, that I should have been a lost prophet if the event had turned out otherwise.'"

—Thus nerved with acuteness, thus armed with scrupulous wisdom,—thus favourably placed, flattered, and looked up to by some of the leading men in Europe, Mr. Wikoff naturally enough began to trifle with politics in print,—published his oracles in *La Presse*,—and (though he says it, who should not say it) never were letters more instantaneous and imposing in the impression which they produced than his.—They led to his being hired by England. The then "acting Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris" sought him out. The two had met before; but Mr. Wikoff had not cared to court the said Secretary's company, "for his manners were not conciliating, nor his conversation very attractive." The Secretary, however, thought much of the New Yorker's acumen,—detected in him that sagacity which leads a man to high destinies (let the channel of arrival thither be ever so low), and volunteered an introduction to the English Minister of Foreign Affairs, when our traveller was about to run over to England on private affairs.—This introduction Mr. Wikoff presented at the Foreign Office; and a few hours later found his card returned by an invitation to the Minister's country seat, which he prints textually. The reader may like to read how much was made of such a modest guest by such distinguished hosts.—

"It was not long after 7 p.m. that I reached the Romsey Station, and as it was a bright and balmy day, I decided to walk over to 'Broadlands,' only a mile distant. I took my course through the village of Romsey, having nothing to recommend it but its extreme antiquity, and only famous, in my recollection, as the birth-place of Master Petty, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, who began life here as a humble weaver. I soon entered the park gates of Lord Palmerston's noble estate, and followed the carriage-drive towards the house, stopping every now and then, involuntarily, to survey that delicious landscape which nowhere exists in such perfection as in England, and carried there to the highest point of pictorial effect. The verdant meadow, trimmed with such neatness as to give it the appearance of a carpet of velvet, unrolled its glittering expanse on every side, with now and then a clump of fine trees, picturesquely grouped, to break its monotony. In the distance I discerned, a rare beauty, the flashing surface of a gentle river, sparkling in the sunshine, which disappearing for a moment behind an envious grove again came smiling into sight, as it pursued its meandering course through the soft vale it seemed to nourish. All my political reminiscences vanished instantaneously at the sight of such transcendent charms as these, and I was fast falling into a reverie and beginning to quote Thomson, when a sudden turn of the road brought me right upon the superb mansion of 'Broadlands.' I learnt from the footman who opened the door that Lord Palmerston was out riding, his usual exercise of an afternoon, but that his Lordship expressed the hope I would be able to amuse myself about the grounds till his return. I was escorted to my bedroom, and informed that the dinner-hour was half-past eight o'clock. As I had nearly an hour to spare, I descended for a walk on the lawn, which ran sloping from the house to the edge of the pretty stream already alluded to; and anxious to improve my acquaintance with it, I strolled along its winding margin, which at every turn afforded some new and pleasing view. On my return to the house I found its noble owner waiting for me in the library, and he welcomed me with all the easy familiarity of a finished man of the world. My preconceived notions of his appearance and manners were ludicrously disappointed. Instead of the venerable man of imposing mien and solemn gravity—the conjoint result of high distinction, English formality, and advanced age—I encountered a very pleasant gentleman of some fifty years, apparently, perfectly off-hand and unaffected in his demeanour, and singularly vivacious and playful in

his remarks, which were accompanied with a sort of running chuckle. After a few moments' conversation, his Lordship suggesting we had but a few minutes to dress for dinner, rang for a servant to conduct me to my room, whilst he hurried off, saying, he would see me directly in the drawing-room. On repairing thither, I was presented by his Lordship to the celebrated Lady Palmerston, formerly Countess Cowper, and once the *belle* of her epoch. She was a tall, finely-formed woman, with a handsome countenance, very elegant manners, and, apparently, still in the prime of life. There was the same polished ease and freedom from restraint of any kind that distinguished her noble husband, and which indicated in both that to high breeding was added the long habit of wide and constant intercourse with society. There was only one other lady present, the Hon. Mrs. W. C.—, a member of the family. When dinner was announced Lady P.— rose, and with a charming mixture of affability and *hauteur* offered me her arm, saying, she 'would take the stranger into dinner, an honour I certainly would not have ventured to aspire to. The dinner passed off delightfully; my Lord Palmerston talking, joking, and laughing, as though he passed his time doing nothing else. He related several anecdotes, full of point and admirably told. I could not for the life of me imagine I was in the presence of one of the leading men of Europe, who had been a member of the Cabinets that had ended the terrible war against Napoleon I., and began that against the United States, in 1812, and that at this moment had more to do with the destinies of nations than any other man living. I was not long in detecting, however, that the lively, facetious exterior of Lord Palmerston was but a mask assumed before the world, though always worn with dignity, and that underneath lay concealed that vast intellect, fearless character, and mighty energy, which had raised him, without connexion, interest, or wealth, and in the teeth of prejudice, to the position he then held, and which would likely carry him later into the Premiership of England. On returning to the drawing-room, the Minister left me with the ladies, saying, he would join us at tea; and I learnt afterwards that he was in the habit of retiring to his cabinet for an hour or more after dinner to glance over his despatches, flowing in upon him every day from all quarters of the world. He came in again about eleven o'clock, drank a cup of tea, chatted awhile in his pleasant way, and disappeared once more. \* \* \* At ten next morning the family were punctually assembled at breakfast, but I found his Lordship more reserved in manner and less inclined for conversation, as though his mind was already intent on the business of the day. After breakfast every one, according to the custom in English country houses, betook themselves to their own mode of amusement, but in bidding me good morning his Lordship asked me to accompany him in his usual ride at four in the afternoon. I accompanied the ladies in a short ramble over the grounds, laid out with exquisite taste, in both the French and English style; gay parterres of flowers, massed together in the greatest variety and profusion, relieved by sloping lawns and graceful groups of trees. I had fine views of the house from various points, which is an oblong in shape, with wings, and constructed with a nice perception of architectural effect. It is of great dimensions, containing on the lower floor alone three spacious drawing-rooms, library, billiard-room, and a dining-room worthy of a palace. On returning from our stroll I was left to dispose of my own time *selon mon goût*, and I passed an hour or so pleasantly in looking over a very choice collection of pictures that adorned the various rooms, amongst which I remarked several rare specimens of Cuyt and Teniers, great favourites of mine. I next wended my way into the library, and what with reading and letter-writing, the hours sped away pleasantly enough. At four I proceeded to join his Lordship for our ride, and I found him ready at the hour named. As we were about to mount he said—"I will give you a turn in the New Forest." Having remarked nothing of the kind in the neighbourhood I asked, with some distrust, what the distance might be—"Only ten miles," returned his Lordship, pulling on his gloves.—"Ten miles there, ditto back, thought I,

in a sober spirit of computation, besides the turn proposed. I felt I had better come out with a plain statement, whilst there was time.—'If your Lordship is serious,' I said, 'I shall beg the favour of carrying a pillow along with me, for I am sure to spend the night in the Forest.'—'What!' exclaimed the noble Lord, 'will a gallop like that fatigue you?'—'I have not strode a horse for these several years past,' I expostulated.—'In that case,' returned his Lordship, 'let us take a walk over the farms,' to which I readily assented, and the more so, that the playfulness of the 'thorough-bred' intended for me inspired me with secret misgivings that we should soon part company in mutual disgust. To say nothing of fatigue and insecurity I greatly preferred a promenade *à pied*, since it would afford me a better opportunity for conversation with his Lordship, which I ardently desired. Off we started at a rattling pace, which soon made me suspect I had gained little by the exchange. I was really astonished at the extraordinary bodily vigour of my noble host, which far exceeded mine, though some thirty years his junior, and in sound health. A group of several fine farms surround the country seat of Lord Palmerston, constituting the estate of Broadlands, and I found them all in high cultivation. The land was too good to require, fortunately, any of those expensive processes of draining, irrigation, and manuring, which has made a science of agriculture in England now-a-days; but his Lordship, confiding in the universality of his genius, thought he could manage his farms as easily as the various States of Europe, and once, in a bucolic mood, undertook it, but he soon found to his cost, as I have learnt, that every business has its mysteries, and that even a great statesman may be taught by country bumpkins. We stopped a moment to inspect some fine foals, for I discovered that Lord Palmerston shared, in common with his countrymen, that truly national predilection for horse-flesh. At last, emerging into some fine broad meadow-land, the conversation turned to my delight on politics, and his Lordship, without any appearance of reserve, discussed the condition of Europe with his usual clearness and adroitness.

—Could a hiring be accomplished on terms more flattering? Impossible. Elegantly as England's secret-service button would illustrate the Republican coat, Mr. Wikoff was scrupulous as to his own qualifications for secret service. He had other views of life than those appertaining to the wearing of livery, which it cost him some deliberation to relinquish. Nevertheless—who can resist *Circé's* cup?—he allowed himself to be enticed across the threshold of the Foreign Office,—on the argument of 500*l.* a year by way of wages,—was sent back to Paris, to be of use, and began his honourable career as follows:—

"My amiable friend and sponsor, the Hon. Mr. Edwardes, at Paris, to whom I reported myself on my arrival, was just one of those diplomatic mysteries that was sure to lead me astray. He had the air of a man with his safety-valves screwed down, so to speak, full of the most important secrets ready to burst out and scatter confusion, if his power of suppression did not keep them under. This was no affectation of manner, but the effect of usage. I expected my cautious Mentor to take off the mask before his Telemachus, and to initiate me into all the *arcana* I had a right to know before I could hope to make myself useful—but not a bit of it. Whether he thought me accomplished in all the *roueries* of his craft, or wanted confidence in me, or that he really had nothing to confide, quite likely, I know not; but instead of information to guide me, all I got were perplexing hints that led me into out-of-the-way conclusions, and which, without a miracle interposed, would some day carry me or both of us down into some bottomless quagmire of discomfiture. This quiet game of bo-peep was one day interrupted by my diplomatic friend asking me 'to write something.' This was a startling request. 'About what?' I demanded. 'What you please,' he replied, 'I want to see your style.' This suggestion was not at all to my taste, and somewhat offensive to my pride. It was

treating me very like a schoolboy who is requested to do some ciphering to show his proficiency. I interpreted the real purpose of the Hon. Mr. Edwardes as only to get at my opinions, which I should have been too happy to express, *à voix*, if he had stated the subject. To write something about nothing is not a very inviting task; but it struck me that, perhaps, I might sail round my wily ally by writing some slipshod matter that would force him into criticism. I do not know whether he penetrated my design, but nothing could be more amusing than his surprise, which soon changed into round abuse, of what I had done. He expressed himself with a hearty bluntness that provoked my mirth. 'That's downright trash,' he exclaimed, looking over my manuscript. 'You don't mean it?' I said, affecting astonishment. 'What in the world did you write this stuff for?' he continued. 'Only to oblige you.'—'That won't do.' And he put my MS. into the fire. 'What's to be done now?' I queried, laughing outright. 'You must write something I can send over to Broadlands,' was his rejoinder. 'Indeed!' I said, growing serious; 'that's another affair. But what topic this time?'—'You must select your own.'—'Suppose I take the present condition of France,' I suggested, with a knowing look. 'That will do,' he replied, with a smile.

We have always understood that, ere a steward was engaged, some inquiry might be instituted as to his arithmetic—that any given Editor would make a bad hand of it who took on his staff a reporter without looking into that reporter's shorthand. But Mr. Wikoff, though hired at random, was ready at secret service. He was well worth, he assures us, his 500*l.* a year! He "smoothed the raven down" of *La Sûreté* till "it smiled" at wicked England. He got hold of the button of M. Émile de Girardin, and so fascinated that gentleman that M. Émile de Girardin "came round" as regarded his opinion of Lord Palmerston, and "took from that time a different view of his character and acts." Higher flights were to be dared on the strength of these victories.

"I often met the sparkling *feuilletoniste* of the *Assemblée Nationale* at the pleasant dinner-table of M. Vandenbruck, of the American banking-house, Green & Co. I used to rally him on his worrying propensities. I threatened him once, if he did not suspend his attacks upon the unoffending Ambassador, that I would some day carry him off to the Embassy *vi et armis* and present him. The chance of such a *contretemps* befaling him had its effect, and by degrees Lord Normanby's name disappeared from the weekly ragout served up so piquantly by Amedée Achard. In short, I discovered that not only was the character and disposition of the British Foreign Secretary totally misunderstood by the Press of Paris, but that my representations of him were so acceptable as to lead to an entire revolution in their opinions and expressions concerning him. I consider this, certainly, a most desirable result, as the prejudice of long years against Lord Palmerston was likely to militate more than anything else against that harmony and cordiality between the two nations so specially invoked by his Lordship. With a view to disabuse the minds of multitudes, as well as to remove arguments from the hands of those whose interest or passions urged them to seek the estrangement of England and France, the idea occurred to me to draw up a conversation with Lord Palmerston, not an imaginary one, in the style of the celebrated Lander, but an anonymous one, so far as the collocator of his Lordship was concerned, and I knew that I could procure its insertion in nearly every journal of Paris *et la Banlieue*. I made a sketch of this sort, putting as exactly as I could recall them his Lordship's words into his own mouth again, but at the same time giving a precision to his language, that would prevent it being 'strained to grosser issue' than was desirable. I felt duly sensible that even in making an anonymous report of his Lordship's political views, every care must be taken not to expose him to criticism or unpleasant comment. I thought that I managed the

thing with requisite caution, and when I finished the job, I laid it before my diplomatic *surveillant*, Mr. Edwardes, anticipating near congratulations upon the felicity of my conception. To my astonishment he fell foul of my scheme with a vigour of denunciation that for a moment shook my notion of its propriety to the base. 'What a horrible idea!' he said, holding up his hands as if thunder-struck.—'Indeed,' I said, fumbling my MS., and looking, I dare say, as Desdemona did when she asked 'what innocent crime she'd committed!'—'Throw the stuff into the fire,' he continued, and don't think another moment of such an outrage.' By this time I had recovered my composure, and so I asked him to explain himself a little clearer, if he wanted to convince me. 'Explain yourself!' he demanded. 'Why, do you think, after publishing a gentleman's conversation, you would ever be admitted to his house again?'—'That's a very high-bred notion of yours,' I replied, seizing his idea at last. 'Nothing could be more proper in the abstract, but nothing more irrelevant on this occasion.' I was half disposed to say absurd, but did not. 'Irrelevant!' he echoed, as much shocked as ever.—'What is more common now-a-days,' I persisted, 'than to publish conversations with distinguished men living and dead, and what can be more harmless, if every trait of the literary portrait revealed is to the honour and advantage of the party depicted? You know how much I have accomplished in overcoming prejudices by true statements of Lord Palmerston's sentiments, and what possible objection can there be to doing this in a more comprehensive way, since the object to be gained is so important.' I soon discovered that argument was thrown away on my obstinate friend, who was swelling to bursting with an overstrained sense of propriety, which I thought was entirely inapplicable to the case; but I found it impossible to reduce him to my view of the matter by reason or logic, and so I decided at once to bury in the recesses of my portfolio the excommunicated manuscript, which, beyond a doubt, was likely to effect much good, without any great damage to *les bien-séances*.

Mr. Wikoff's "imaginary conversation" seems to have been the turning-point of the secret servant's fortunes—his Waterloo! To cut short the tale, shortly after this the antipathetic Mr. Edwardes intimated to the insinuating Mr. Wikoff that the latter had better "resign." Could a wearer of the secret-service button (one, moreover, who had rendered such immortal services to peace and good understanding in Europe) be more ignominiously treated?—and this after the servant's first quarter's backstairs wages only had been paid! The blood of the man of honour boiled in his veins. Resign!—go!—be dismissed to seek a new place? Not he! Europe should hear of it,—the Foreign Office should right him!—his gracious host of other days should vindicate his guest! As for being paid off in a moment—perish a thought so mercenary—so calculated to throw discredit on the servant turned out! Back to England came the gifted advocate of peace, the professional mediator, and battered at the door of his lost Paradise, the Foreign Office. No angelic servant with flaming sword was there. He was let in, to bore every one,—he was allowed to see nobody,—he was bowed out, after many hours of humble waiting,—he received a consideration of England's money, for the mistake made in hiring a servant unfit for his place, something like a year and a quarter's salary:—and "the world was all before him where to choose."

What Mr. Wikoff chose next—by way of honourably advancing his career—his book already reviewed in the *Athenæum* sufficiently revealed. With the persecutions which he endured on the failure of his amatory speculation, he charges the Foreign Office. He was inconvenient. He was to be gagged. England's awful machinery was to be put in motion to



erush an honourable, romantic, and ardent American. But Mr. Wikoff was not crushed. Out of his prison at Genoa he got,—wrote his former book to destroy the reputation of his lady love,—and wrote to his old masters at the Foreign Office, to assure them that he would forgive them for blighting his whole fortunes, chances, and hopes if, in regard to former love and confidence, they would make him "a consideration." If they wished, he assured them he would suppress his book. They declined; and, accordingly, "standing at bay," Mr. Wikoff publishes this sequel to his former adventures, by way of vindicating his character as an American gentleman!

Why such a revelation should be dealt with, seriously or sardonically, may be, by way of *finis*, repeated. Let it serve as a warning to persons of position, honour, and probity, to think twice ere they enter into relations with any one aspiring to the livery and the pay of a "Secret Servant."

*The Life of Sir John Falstaff.* Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. With a Biography of the Knight, from Authentic Sources, by R. B. Brough. (Longman & Co.)

PREVIOUSLY to the time when Mr. Davies, the York antiquary, discovered much pleasant matter touching the early history of Guy Faux, some writer of romance had imagined a childhood of that celebrated personage, which was found ultimately to bear very little resemblance to the actual truth. Such undertakings are not without their perils: the author is never sure of himself or his hero; and even when he addresses himself to the task of writing the full life of a man who has never existed but by the creation of a poet, who exhibits him only in certain passages of his life, the object of such author is not less difficult of attainment. He is certain, indeed, that antiquarian research will not overthrow his imaginary facts; but, then, if he take Falstaff for his subject, he stands in need of more than ordinary powers, for he has to take especial care that the boy of his idea shall answer in some degree to the man imagined and perfected by Shakspeare. Mr. Brough has not been so ambitious as to thus address himself of his own spontaneous movement. We are not sure but that his labour would have been easier had the subject originated with himself. How he came to write "a biography of the knight from authentic sources" arose thus:—Mr. George Cruikshank having realized "a natural thought" of exhibiting the whole career of Falstaff in a series of etchings, Mr. Brough was invited to adapt to these a suitable biography. The task was manifestly one of great difficulty. The artist's part is, as the author remarks, the essential portion of the book; but to Mr. Brough may also be fairly awarded a "higher place in the transaction" than he claims for himself,—"one," he says, "proportionate to that of the fiddler who amuses the audience between the acts of a play, or the lecturer who talks unheeded nonsense while a panorama is unrolling." The author has exhibited good taste, judgment, inventive power, and humour, especially in the early portion of the biography, where his imagination had free range (though even there he walks a good deal in the light of the poet), than when he comes to the period illumined by the glory of Shakspeare, in whose steps he then treads respectfully, uttering now and then a mild joke of his own, and, in the spirit of fun, when the poet pauses, demonstrating with laughable solemnity that the bard of Avon was occasionally nothing less than a—HUMBVO! As a specimen of Mr.

Brough's handiwork, we quote the passage which shows how Falstaff came by his knight-hood:—

"He conducted his foreign guests faithfully towards London, as he had promised. On their way, they were beset by several companies of rebels, amongst whose numbers Jack recognized old acquaintances, to whom he made himself known, and who were glad to let him and his company pass free, for the sake of old times. On all such occasions our hero was careful to have it impressed upon the merchants that they owed their safety entirely to his countenance; and the gratitude of those poor travellers knew no bounds. Still, great precautions were necessary. In the first place, Jack counselled them strongly to destroy all written papers they might have about them; assuring them, that of all public evils, the men of Kent looked upon the art of writing as the greatest, considering it a Norman invention, to which they owed the bulk of their misfortunes. Admitting the policy of this precaution, the merchants destroyed Jack's bonds before his eyes. Next to manuscripts, he assured them the most dangerous thing they could possibly carry about with them was money. He courageously took upon himself the onus of bearing their purses for them, of the contents of which he distributed a considerable portion as *largesse* to the insurgents. The purses were faithfully restored to their owners. At Blackheath our travellers came up with the body of the insurgent camp, commanded by Jack's old master of fence, Wat Smith, who had assumed the name of Tyler. Here it was Jack's good fortune to rescue the Princess of Wales, the young king's mother, from the fury of the malcontents, whom their honest but mistaken leader was unable to control. Jack asserted himself as a man of Kent, and claimed immunity for the princess as a Kentish woman—for had she not been known in the heyday of her beauty as the Fair Maid of Kent? Was she not the widow of the Black Prince, who had humbled the pride of the Frenchmen, to whom it was notorious that all such evils as taxes, game laws, bad harvests, and expensive beer, were attributable? The princess, he assured them, had just been on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, to pray at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket for an extension of the peerage, by which every man of the age of twenty-one would be entitled to landed property and a seat at his Majesty's council. In conclusion, he would simply state, that in order to prove her sisterly affection, the princess was anxious to kiss them all round—a proposition whereat the populace was highly amused, and to which the princess readily assented, only too glad to be let off so easily. Thus did Jack Falstaff rescue the Princess of Wales from imminent danger, at no greater cost to her highness than a little sacrifice of personal dignity, and much subsequent expenditure of soap and water—all of which I have told briefly, seeing that the main incidents of the scene (doubtless taken down from the words of Falstaff himself) have been already chronicled by our old friend Maître Jean Froissart, curate of Lestines—and from his cheerful pages copied into the books of Hume and others. For this good service to the royal family was John Falstaff knighted, on the same day which saw the like honour conferred upon one William Walworth, a fishmonger, for knocking out the misguided brains of poor Wat Smith—a much honest man than himself. Jack witnessed the perpetration of this murderous act of snobbishness, and took a deeply rooted dislike to Sir William Walworth ever afterwards. Was Tyler did not die unavenged. Sir John Falstaff dealt with Sir William Walworth for fish. When Walworth sent in his bill, he began to understand the meaning of Nemesis. Bardolph greatly distinguished himself in the sacking of London by the Kentish rebels, several of whom he had the honour of bringing to justice on the pacification of society."

The characteristic which distinguishes Mr. G. Cruikshank's work in illustrating this volume is rather extreme care, with great elaboration of detail, than the broad humour, often effected by a single scratch, which used to surprise and delight us in younger days. Finally, author

and artist have produced a volume that may be either read or looked through with pleasure, particularly at this hot and indolent period of the year, if, indeed, there be any in this busy land unhappy enough to be indolent as well as hot.

*Lives of American Merchants.* By Freeman Hunt, A.M. (New York, Derby & Jackson; London, Low & Co.)

Two solid volumes of detached biographies, covering twelve hundred pages of type, are here sent forth with some show of harmony of design; but without the slightest attempt at chronological arrangement. Although the name of Mr. Freeman Hunt (editor of the *Merchant's Magazine*) stands upon the title-page, the papers are from different hands, tolerably well known in American periodical literature, and they are heralded by a florid introduction from the pen of Dr. G. R. Russell, discoursing upon the calling, the history, and the influence of the Merchant, which reads in parts like a school essay, and is largely infected with that exaggerated poetical manner of dealing with common things, for which Emerson and Theodore Parker are in a great degree responsible, and which appears to be exceedingly popular on the other side of the Atlantic.

The want of order and method is, perhaps, more prominently noticed in a work which deals with those representative men of commerce whose lives, it is presumed, were regulated by these two counting-house virtues. To be carried in the first volume over a period extending from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century; and then in the second volume to be suddenly hurled back to the latter part of the seventeenth century, to struggle up through the last hundred and fifty years to the present hour, is a little trying to the sense of order of even the most careless literary reader. To the methodical man of business such an undigested mass must be more unendurable than a file of invoices which have been broken up and shuffled, or an unindexed ledger with several leaves missing.

With regard to the literary merits of the biographical essays ("lives" they have no claim to be called) they seem all to have been framed upon the same model, or moulded by the same editorial hands. In proportion as the facts and incidents of a man's life are few or unexciting, so is the full stream of moral disquisition turned on to fill the allotted space; and the name of a merchant is merely taken as a text on which to preach a sermon upon the virtue of steady industry. This may be all very well in a school "Plutarch" intended for the use of boys, but it is hardly strong meat enough for sturdy men, who are plunged up to their necks in the struggling sea of life. The compilers of such works ought to have attained literary experience enough to know, that the details of the life of the commonest, or most undistinguished man, are far more readable, interesting, and operative upon character when set forth in the simplicity of a pure narrative style, than when clogged at every stage with pages of didactic reflections.

The volumes contain together thirty-seven biographical essays, of different degrees of length and importance. Very few of the men selected are of that wide celebrity which renders them of interest beyond the shores of their own native or adopted country. There are Thomas Handasyd Perkins, who was the earliest trader to China, and the promoter of the first railway,—James Gore King, who took a prominent part in bringing about the resumption of specie payments after the crisis of 1838,—Nicholas Brown, remarkable for his charitable

projects,—Jonas Chickering, the great pianoforte maker, a man who raised himself by patient industry from the lowest to the highest rank of trade,—Patrick Tracy Jackson, a prominent founder of the Lowell Settlement,—Henry Laurens, the President of Congress, who was once a prisoner of war in the Tower of London,—Matthew Carey, the energetic founder of several newspapers,—Samuel Slater, who first introduced the cotton manufacture into America,—Elias Hasket Derby, who opened up the Russian trade, and started the first cloth loom established in the States,—Major Shaw, the first American Consul in Canton,—the Brothers Amos, William, and Abbott Lawrence,—James Brown, the law bookseller,—John Hancock, who was the first to sign the Declaration of American Independence. The three most interesting sketches, which no amount of unskilful treatment could wholly spoil, are those of Sir William Peppercorn, Bart., the early shipbuilder, and the distinguished commander at the siege and reduction of Louisbourg, in 1744,—the strange, moody, French-American, Girard, who owed much of his early means of creating wealth to the outbreak in the Island of St. Domingo, when the startled planters deposited their property on board his vessels for safety, and being nearly all, with their families, massacred, there arose but few claimants for the treasure,—and John Jacob Astor, the great German-American merchant,—the largest landed proprietor in and about New York, who died, leaving a fortune of about twenty millions of dollars. Many other men of the mercantile and trading classes go to fill up the volumes; but the most that can be said of them is, that they were born, they traded, and they died. Strangely enough, the editor closes the collection with the career of Robert Morris, who founded the Bank of North America, in 1782; who for some time enjoyed the Government position and influence of Public Financier, and who, after a long course of uninterrupted prosperity, met with such severe reverses that he was compelled to end his days in a debtors' prison. As this is the only example of ultimate failure recorded in the two solid volumes, it looks like a moral lesson tacked on to show the fruitlessness of human efforts and the vanity of human wishes.

We do not wish for a moment to underrate the importance of the subject which these American authors have taken in hand; but we cannot accord them our praise for their manner of treating it. The history of trade is the history of civilization: and careful, faithful, conscientious lives of the merchants of the world would be one of the most valuable and interesting contributions that any number of men could add to the sum of desirable human knowledge. Care should be taken, however, to discriminate between the results produced by the intelligent action of the leading representative commercial men, and those that arise from the natural operation of mere accumulated capital. The artificer who originates, designs, and perfects a great machine, is entitled to more credit than its mere brute possessor, who stands by while it throws off its twenty thousand products an hour.

*The Life of Mahomet and History of Islam, to the Era of the Hegira. With Introductory Chapters on the Original Sources for the Biography of Mahomet, and on the Pre-Islamite History of Arabia.* By William Muir, Esq. Vols. I. and II. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

ARABIA is a continent in itself, and, perhaps, the most singular part of the world. Little inferior in extent to India, it possesses not a single navigable river; rock and sand, sand and rock,

overspread its tawny surface, except where the fountains of the earth, bubbling up, cover the plain with splendour, and fill the valley with abundance. Sun and water have made Yemen beautiful, but nature and history have made the whole region romantic. The merchandise in its ancient marts was a superb profusion of gold, jewels, cinnamon, and myrrh, with ivory "white as a maiden's wrist," and ebony "black as her eyes." Here the Arab caravans trailed across the desert from one palm-tree to another, until the camel-driver was eclipsed by the sailor of the Red Sea, who appropriated the Arabian carrier-trade, and enriched Arsinoe and Cleopatris at the expense of the merchant stations in the wilderness. Giant-shafted colonnades and marble palaces gleamed upon the coast, but the mighty trains that had marched from Yemen towards the Mediterranean and Hadhramaut into Syria, no longer gathered round the springs in the rocky or sandy steppe. The early annals of this immense territory and of the people inhabiting it, so far as it is penetrable, resemble those of no other country or nation; but it has been found impossible, even by the most erudite investigators, to reduce them to a continuous and consistent story. Mr. Muir has detailed and criticized the principle and results of the research that has been devoted to this subject, and the narrative, fragmentary though it be, will have a charm for readers who delight in wandering among the records of the cultured, patriarchal, industrious, and renowned races of antiquity. His work is not yet complete. It reaches only the era of the Hegira, leaving Mahomet's residence at Medina for future volumes; but, while professing only to treat of the Prophet, Mr. Muir, in the intervals of official service in Bengal, has elaborately discussed the Pre-Islamite period of Arabian history, and the authorities upon which a biography of Mahomet may be based. We infer from the preface that the book is designed for translation into Hindostanee for Mohammedan perusal. It would be interesting to read a Moslem's review of this English account of Mahomet's character and mission, which, it must be said, is far from unjust to that conquering preacher. Mr. Muir rests upon the self-deception theory, and puts faith in the enthusiasm of the sacred warrior; but we suspect that his impartiality will scarcely satisfy the faithful, since he charges into the thick of tradition, and mows it down with a double-edged sword, smiting the halo from the Prophet's head, reducing the miracle legends to a precipitate of flattery, dissipating the glory that is ascribed by devout credulity, to the cradle of the Reformer at Mecca. This was necessary for the enlightenment of English as well as of Mohammedan readers, since a vast amount of absurdity has crept into the popular biographies of Mahomet. Mr. Muir, with the Wäckidi, Hishâmi, and Tabari manuscripts before him, and with references multiplied from every available source, traverses the ground with steadiness and confidence, probing and measuring as he proceeds, and clearing away a multitude of rubbish heaps, accumulated by the ignorant carelessness of compilers. Upon the important question how the Koran was preserved, a very clear light is thrown, as well as upon the traditions of The Companions, who, with their followers, multiplied marvellous anecdotes, until every day of the Prophet's life was represented as apocalyptic and memorable:

"The nature of these so-called traditions, and the manner in which the name of Mahomet was abused to support all possible lies and absurdities, may be gathered most clearly from the fact, that Bokhâri, who travelled from land to land to gather from the learned the traditions they had received, came to the conclusion, after many years' sifting,

that out of 600,000 traditions ascertained by him to be then current, only 4,000 were authentic! And of this selected number, the European critic is compelled, without hesitation, to reject at least one half." Similar appears to have been the experience of the other intelligent compilers of the day. Thus Abu Dâdd, out of 500,000 traditions which he is said to have amassed, threw aside 496,000, and retained as trustworthy only 4,000."

This traditional lore suffers severely at the hands of Mr. Muir, who shows that much which has been imputed to Mahomet as imposture was in all probability never professed by him, although he may have been responsible for initiating the ideas of his own intercourse with the heavenly powers. If he gazes at the sky, tradition hears the voice of Gabriel among the stars; if the wind drifts up the sands of the Desert, the pious see squadrons of sublime beings scouring the earth and opening the way to victory. Even "the flitting cloud, like flying pursuivant," is an angelic courier.—

"To the same universal desire of Mahomet's glorification must be ascribed the unquestioned miracles with which even the earliest biographies abound. They are such as the following:—A tree from a distance moves towards the Prophet ploughing up the earth as it advances, and then similarly retires; oft-repeated attempts to murder him are miraculously averted; distant occurrences are instantaneously revealed, and future events foretold; a large company is fed from victuals hardly adequate for the supply of a single person; prayer draws down immediate showers from heaven, or causes an equally sudden cessation. A frequent and favourite class of miracles is for the Prophet, by his simple touch, to make the udders of dry goats distend with milk; so by his command he caused floods of water to well up from parched fountains, and to gush forth from empty vessels, or issue from betwixt his fingers. With respect to all such stories, it is sufficient to refer to what has been already said, that they are opposed to the clear declarations and pervading sense of the Koran."

The evidence is frequently of this nature.—

"A score of witnesses affirm that Mahomet dyed his hair; they mention the substances used; some not only maintain that they were eye-witnesses of the fact during the Prophet's life, but produce after his death relics of hair on which the dye was visible. A score of others, possessing equally good means of information, assert that he never dyed his hair, and that moreover he had no need to do so, as his grey hairs were so few that they might be counted."

Some say his signet-ring was of pure silver; others that it was of iron, silver plated; others that he wore it on his right hand; others that he wore it on his left; others that he never wore any ring at all! But we must leave the reader to trace the lines by which Mr. Muir separates the apocryphal from the genuine in the materials for Mahomet's biography, and turn to the narrative itself, selecting a specimen of remote Arab history.—

"Nomân V. is famous in the annals of Arabia chiefly because his reign approached close upon the rise of Islam, and he was the patron of several renowned poets who celebrated his name. But his end was darkened by disgrace and misfortune. Zeid, the son of Adi, resolved, by a stratagem, as singular as it proved successful, to revenge the murder of his father. He pictured in warm colours the charms of the women of Hira before the King of Persia, who readily adopted the suggestion that some of the fair relatives of his vassal might well adorn the royal harem. An embassy, charged with this errand, was despatched to Nomân, who, surprised and alarmed by the demand, expressed aloud his wonder that the monarch of Persia was not satisfied with the antelope beauties of his own land. The term was equivocal, and Nomân was denounced as having insulted the females of Persia by likening them to *cows*. The wrath of the Chorooses fell heavily upon his ungallant vassal, and he fled from Hira. After vainly wandering in search of allies among the Arab tribes, he left his arms in the



custody of Hāni, a chief of the Bani Bakr, and in despair delivered himself up to the King of Persia. The unfortunate prince was passed in mockery between two long rows of lovely girls splendidly attired, and by each was taunted with the question whether she was a Persian cow. He was cast into prison, and there died or was murdered. Thus ended the Lakhmite Dynasty in the year 605 A.D., having lasted for the long space of 327 years."

After a careful and readable account of Mecca, of the Prophet's parentage and birth, and of his earlier life so far as it is known, Mr. Muir describes Mahomet's entrance into actual life,—his merchant pilgrimages,—the way in which it came to pass that Khadija was enamoured of him, and the marriage of the youth with that comely widow of forty.—

"No sooner was she apprised of his willingness to marry her, than Khadija despatched a messenger to Mahomet or his uncle, appointing a time when they should meet. Meanwhile, as she dreaded the refusal of her father, she provided for him a feast; and when he had well drunk and was merry, she slaughtered a cow, and casting over her father perfume of saffron or ambergris, dressed him in marriage raiment. While thus under the effects of wine, the old man united his daughter to Mahomet in the presence of his uncle Hamza. But when he recovered his senses, he began to look around him with wonder, and to inquire what these symptoms of a nuptial feast, the slaughtered cow, the perfumes, and the marriage garment, should mean. So soon as he was made aware of all that had happened,—for they told him 'The nuptial dress was put upon thee by Mahomet, thy son-in-law,'—he fell into a violent passion, and declared that he would never consent to give away to that insignificant youth a daughter courted by all the great men of the Coreish. The party of Mahomet replied indignantly that the alliance had not originated in their wish, but was the act of no other than his own daughter. Weapons were drawn on both sides, and blood might have been shed, when the old man became pacified, and a reconciliation ensued."

Sprenger and Weir relate this story, of which Mr. Muir remarks, "we have no option but to receive it as a fact." Concerning the person of Mahomet, he says:—

"Slightly above the middle size, his figure, though spare, was handsome and commanding, the chest broad and open, the bones and framework large, the joints well knit together. His neck was long and finely moulded. The head, unusually large, gave space for a broad and noble brow. The hair, thick, jet black, and slightly curling, fell down over his ears. The eye-brows were arched and joined. The countenance thin, but ruddy. His large eyes, intensely black and piercing, received additional lustre from their long dark eyelashes. The nose was high and slightly aquiline, but fine, and at the end attenuated. The teeth were far apart. A long black bushy beard, reaching to the breast, added manliness and presence. His expression was pensive and contemplative. The face beamed with intelligence, though something of the sensuous also might be there discerned. The skin of his body was clear and soft; the only hair that met the eye was a fine thin line which ran down from the neck toward the navel. His broad back leaned slightly forward as he walked; and his step was hasty, yet sharp and decided, like that of one rapidly descending a declivity. There was something unsettled in his blood-shot eye, which refused to rest upon its object. When he turned towards you, it was never partially, but with the whole body."

In a similar style the history is continued, with very picturesque interludes and passages of analysis which will interest many readers. After the thirteen years' preaching at Mecca, prior to the Medina residence, the narrative is abruptly closed, and the writer leaves it doubtful whether he will complete his design. As to the encouragement he is likely to meet with, it will probably be of a special character. The work, interesting as it is, and occasionally en-

tertaining, is not of a popular texture. It is too elaborate and critical for an indolent reader.

*The Indian Religions; or, Results of the Mysteries of Buddhism.* By an Indian Missionary. (Newby.)

THERE are few, even among Oxford first-class men, who have thoroughly studied and digested Aristotle and Plato. Still fewer educated men are there, whose studies have embraced the works of modern metaphysicians, as well as those of the philosophers of Greece and Rome. Above all, rare are the scholars who have added to these fields of knowledge the wide expanse of Indian philosophy. There are, therefore, few judges who have a particle of claim to pronounce an opinion on the systems of Hindú religion and metaphysical science; unless, indeed, it be as proper as it is common to pronounce authoritatively on subjects beyond our knowledge. Hence the wonderfully subtle and profound disquisitions of the Buddhists, and of the Hindú philosophers, have been passed over with scornful indifference by those, who would have been struck with astonishment and admiration had they encountered the same ideas in a classical writer. Thus far we go with the author of a very curious book, whose title heads this notice, and we will further admit that it is impossible for human ingenuity to transcend that displayed in the writings of the Indian schoolmen. But here we stop; and so far from thinking that all this ingenuity has brought with it any adequate result, has answered any useful end, we firmly believe it would have been far better for India had there been no metaphysical speculation, no subtleties of thought, ever recorded there at all. For what are the practical results of Indian speculation? What but that pernicious division of mankind into castes, which all must allow has been the greatest barrier to civilization?—what but the desertion of man's proper habitations for those mountains and solitudes wandered over by dreaming enthusiasts, whose presence can no more be said to people them, than can the shadows that pass along their surface?

We have called this a curious book, and curious it is in itself, but much more curious as the work of one styling himself an Indian Missionary. More Indian than the Indians, this missionary defends the doctrine of caste with a fervour of language which melts into the unintelligible. Sometimes, indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between what he puts forward as his own views, and the sentiments of the Brahmin apologist whom he introduces,—but the following appears to be the expression of his own thoughts:—

"Creatures are of that they eat. Aliment becomes body; becomes as much soul as that circumstantial and eliminated soul can admit. We are of our food, elaborated by the secret magnetic laws of nature; which, out of food, precipitates body, and, out of body, extols mind—or all that we can know as mind. The higher animals, in instinctive self-maintenance, scorn and abominate the offal which is the appropriate and natural producer and soul-maker—so to speak—of the baser creatures. Which are degenerate, even from 'dead dirt,' in being further accursed and convict 'in life.' Living and walking corruption, affirmative and risen up, defiant, against the eternal Matterless:—the One Rest; unformed; knowing neither Space, nor Time, nor Being. The Hindoo follows, in fact, that which he finds in nature. Deep-buried in it, he found eternal divisions in men. He leaves their conversion—the use of the materials—in God's own hand."

There are bold advances towards the absurd and rhapsodical even in the above; but in the passages that follow there is a decided invasion

of that shadowy realm, which has many names, according to the bent of the thinker, but which plain men in plain language usually term "nonsense." We will supply a small specimen, which we select, not because it is more incoherent than the rest, but because we would do a kind act in pointing out the blunder in punctuation at the beginning of the fourth line, which makes the unmeaning more meaningless:—

"He shall not enforce or do the indignity to nature to make consort with the fairy-fish, the slimy eel—cursed for his gluttony creeping, like the earliest. Snake devil-circling under the retributive heel of the convicting Angel! He shall not esteem the legless creepers, or the tribes of worms or green glowing insects, or the hirsute, or monstrous, or glutting children of the quickened desert, starting to animal alarms, or of the poisoned marsh whose clouds are gnats—he shall not confound this obscene efflux with the awe-exciting, the perfect individuality of the princely panther, or the haughty terrors of the great eagle—Imperial among Birds. For the creatures are of their feeding. Their soul is of the blood and flesh which make it."

It is to be regretted that this affected and over-strained language often cloaks or brings discredit upon a sensible idea, which, in plain words, would command assent. The author purposes in his strange handling of the question of caste to show that the Hindús, from certain processes of thought, intertwined with the inmost ligaments of their religious belief, attach a far higher importance to the defilement by unclean food than without careful reflection and research it is possible for us even to conceive. Hence he demonstrates the excessiveness of the cartridge grievance, and proves the folly of the remark so much applauded in the House of Commons, that "revolutions are not made with grease."

The general views of the "Indian Missionary" on the causes of the Rebellion of 1857 have a strong foundation of truth, but they are views which, in the mouth of an Indian Missionary, are, we venture to say, unique. He thus sums up:—

"The English people are too little acquainted with India to trace, with correctness, the events which, within the twelvemonth of 1857, occurred there. The Indian classes, and the ordinary classes in Great Britain, are ignorant of each other as members of the one great community of the British Empire. Nor has there ever been much curiosity until this present period, when it is intense, concerning Indian life and facts. The bond of union, as between the Hindoos and their British masters, has been little more than that of Spartan and Helot. Grasping everything that could render life desirable, the English have denied to the people of the country all that could raise them. They have, with contemptuous indifference, even if not with more active discountenance, turned aside from all that should elevate the Hindoo people. They have outraged their caste. They have done their best to ignore their religion. They even talk, now, of no longer permitting it. They have abrogated their laws of inheritance. They have changed their marriage institutions. They have done their best to expose the most sacred rites of their religion to contempt:—not amongst the English, only, but amongst the Hindoos. They have delivered up their pagoda property to confiscation. They have branded the peoples of the entire country—even in their official records—as 'heathens.' They have seized the possessions of the native princes. They have converted to their own use the estates of the Indian nobles. They have unsettled the country by their systematic exactions. They have collected the revenue—permissively, perhaps, but still under English authority—by means of torture. They have sought to uproot that which is the most ancient aristocracy in the world—the Indian; and to degrade it to the lowest condition. Now what would the Earl of Shaftesbury—proud as he is of his position in the peerage of England, and zealous as he

is in the cause of Christian proselytism—say to such foreign interference on his own order, and to such innovations, on the part of heathen strangers, in his own religious beliefs? Agreeing, as thoughtful and unprejudiced men must do, in most of the grounds of remonstrance of the high-class Indians, it is impossible to see, not without dismay, the blind obstinacy of the press; their ceaseless exhortations to vengeance; their incitements to onslaught on the institutions of caste;—their restless clamour against what they do not understand;—their misplaced, even unchristian and mad, and their so sudden and 'affected,' cry for a Gospel Proselytism which—in India—is as impossible as that the British people should turn Brahmin!"

We, of course, accept every author's description of himself. A man may be a missionary though he writes like a Sannyasi; or a Conservative, though he may be for extinguishing the Company and every principle of government on which we have yet acted in Hindostan. This is a mere question of names, and as soon as the thing is understood, we can deal with him, as we can buy our locks of a man called Gardener, or listen to a Bishop holding forth in the pulpit of dissent. But we cannot accept one doctrine in the beginning of a book, and an opposite doctrine at the end. Now this panegyrist of Buddhism is perpetually contradicting himself; and although he occasionally says a good thing, he is sure, ere long, to retract it, and present us with the very opposite. Thus, after the passage last quoted about the injustice of the English people in forcing changes on the natives of India, he immediately raises an outcry for the abolition of the East India Company: the only body that has interposed to prevent these changes from being sudden, violent, fraught with utter and instant destruction to our empire in the East. In the same way, at pp. 38, 93, he tells us that "man is nothing," merely a high order of vegetable: "his arms, branches; and his hands, leaves; his stomach the congeries of roots; and his legs, tentacles," that his "self-exaggeration is doubtless ludicrous in the eyes of the greater powers;" that in "his, beyond expression, contemptible ignorance, and worse than childish self-vaunting, he has, at one time, fancied the heavenly lights but chandeliers to his den—as hung over his paltriest microcosm." But at p. 130, it pleases the author to exhibit this same contemptible creature, the "animal of four legs, somehow got upright," in a very different light. "What conception of a universe," we are told, "however vast and complex, can be named as so astonishing as man?"—"For why? Man is essentially a spirit. Whereas the universe of matter is but a fire-made, 'glorious' and consuming cinder." We accept the omen of the last word. There are some bright things in this strange book; but, on the whole, we incline to indicate, for it the self-same destiny which the author here assigns to universal matter.

*Rambles in the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia. With Notices of their History, Antiquities, and Present Condition. By Thomas Forester. (Longman & Co.)*

BOSWELL in the last century, and Benson and Gregoriovius in the present, anticipated Mr. Forester in his narrative of Corsican rambles. The island had remained, however, in partial obscurity; for there are more things in most countries than three travellers could describe, especially when their visits have been made at long intervals. When the old voyagers entered the Indian Ocean for the first time, they fancied they had gone far enough when they reached the Island of Thieves, and had passed human limits when they came to the Island of Devils; but Corsica was for centuries

the Island of Murderers; and, while so many of its ingenious inhabitants, without being baronets, bore the emblem of the blood-red hand, it is scarcely surprising that tourists should have preferred the paths of a less savage Arcadia. Few persons would have chosen to pass a night in the old prison of Brest with a guillotine at one end of the ward and a loaded cannon at the other; and it is a remarkable fact, that lovers of the picturesque are not generally addicted to the exploration of cannibal countries—if modern scepticism will admit the anthropophagic reality. It is true that the Corsicans did not eat their fathers or grill their prisoners of war; but it is far from a violent employment of metaphor to say that rivulets of blood trickled down their mountains during the period of hereditary brigandage. Their own historian, Philippini, who lived in the sixteenth century, declares that in his time 28,000 murders took place within thirty years. From 1683 to 1715, a similar average was sustained, the total of assassinations for that little cycle of time being nearly 29,000,—about 900 a year, or 3 a day, excluding Sundays. "It was still worse in earlier ages; but those of which we speak were times of high civilization, and Corsica lay in the centre of it." Doubting and disbelieving, however, as we have a right to do, the exactitude of statistics so ancient, Corsica has a very criminal appearance, if we examine its conduct from 1821 to 1852. The murders for this period are recorded in the minutes of deliberations of the Council General, and they number 4,300,—the latest average—for 1852—being one act of homicide for every two days. All this slaughter told, of course, upon the social life and prosperity of the island: bandits became the heroes of popular tales and songs, and children learned in their nurseries that a glorious use might be made of the dagger or poniard, to avenge an insult or a wrong. The reign of massacre has come to an end, and comparatively little *Vendetta* is practised in the island,—*Vendetta* being, as Mr. Forester remarks, no more than a romantic name for a ruffianly and cowardly system of shooting and stabbing in the dark, and from behind trees and rocks. In one year four hundred of the bandits were shot down or sentenced by the French Government: the prisons were filled, and the island of murderers was reclaimed, to a great extent, from its habits of butchery. Nevertheless, although travellers seldom or never resorted to it, strangers were not, in general, objects of attack. They were hospitably entertained, and as they joined no part of the circle in which the fierce passions of Corsica were active, when they were waylaid it was with purposes of plunder, and their purses were more coveted than their lives. In fact, Mr. Forester believes that even the purses of strangers were at all times safe:—

"This was true, I imagine, with regard to strangers, in the worst of times; their security from molestation being nearly allied to the national virtue of hospitality, which is not quite extinct. Nor were the Corsican banditti associated, like those of Italy, for the mere purpose of plunder, though they have heavily taxed the peaceable inhabitants, both by drawing from the poor the means for their subsistence in the woods and mountains, and by levying, under terror, direct contributions in money from the more wealthy inhabitants in the towns and villages. These are, however, but trifling ingredients in the mass of crime for which Corsica has been so painfully distinguished. Would, indeed, that robbery and pillage were the sins of the darkest dye which have to be laid to the account of the Corsican bandit! Most commonly, his hands have been stained with innocent blood, shed recklessly, relentlessly, in private quarrels, often of the most frivolous description,

and not in open fight, as in the feuds of the Middle Ages, not in the heat of sudden passion, but by cool, premeditated murder."

Accompanied by a military friend, with a ready pencil, Mr. Forester traversed the two islands, Corsica and Sardinia, from north to south, from Cape Corso to Cagliari. Thus, his view is panoramic, and includes the graduated zones of the insular region, the city, the plain, the mountain, the valleys full of wild olives, and the cork-tree forests, where the glades are brightened with Tintoretto lights in the midst of Salvator Rosa shadows,—the two islands furnishing prominent contrasts in scenery, climate, geological formation and vegetable growth, but both, in the frame of the Tuscan sea, glowing with exuberant beauty. Mr. Forester's first impressions of the interior amounted to fascination:—

"A slight ascent over a stony bank landed us at once on the verge of the thickets. It had been browsed by cattle, and scattered myrtle-bushes, of low growth, were the first objects that gladdened our eyes. A new botany, a fresh scenery was before us. The change from the littoral, with its rank vegetation, close atmosphere, and weary length of interminable causeway, was so sudden, that it took us by surprise. Presently we were winding through a dense thicket of arbutus, tree-heaths, alaternus, daphne, lentiscus, blended with myrtles, cistus, and other aromatic shrubs, massed and mingled in endless variety—the splendid arbutus, with its white bell-shaped flowers and pendulous bunches of red and orange berries, most prevailing."

With this bloom, fragrant and splendid, are the islands clothed for miles, and the flowery path leads up from the coast to the shepherd country, where the Corsican in his shaggy mantle sleeps by a blazing pile of logs, with dogs equally shaggy about him, after a meal of milk and chestnuts:—

"Their greatest luxuries are the immense fires, for which the materials are boundless, or to bask in the sun, and tell national tales, and sing their simple *canzone*. But though a rude, they are not a bad, race; contented, hospitable, tolerably honest, and, as we found, often intelligent."

In the valleys, the Roman plough still turns up the soil for the planting of wheat, and the cultivation is so imperfect that the average return is only an increase of nine upon the seed sown. Altogether, the people neglect their natural riches, especially their millions of wild olive-trees. By some, the indolence of the Corsicans has been attributed to their chestnuts:

"Most French writers on Corsica declare war against the chestnut-trees for the encouragement they afford to a life of idleness, and M. de Beaumont does not scruple to assert, that a tempest which levelled them all with the ground would, in the end, prove a great blessing. There is some truth in these opinions, but humanity shudders at the misery such a catastrophe—like the potato blight, which truly struck at the root of the evil in Ireland—would entail on tens of thousands of the poor Corsicans, to whom the chestnut is the staff of life. In the interests of that humanity, as well as from our deep love and veneration for these noble woods, we say, God forbid! Many years ago, an attempt was made to discountenance the growth of chestnuts, by prohibiting their plantation in soils capable of other kinds of cultivation; but shortly afterwards the decree was revoked on the report of no less a political economist than the celebrated Turgot. *Vivent donc ces châtaigniers magnifiques, quand même!* And may the Corsicans learn not to abuse the gifts which Providence gratuitously showers from their spreading boughs!"

Similar denunciations have been directed against the uncultivated sustenance of the South Sea islanders; and it is a question whether the world gains when its people leave off eating chestnuts or coco-nuts to plant maize and potatoes, or abandon caverns for brick-



built tenements. Without putting faith in the perfection of natural society—whatever that was—we may pardon the Corsicans for abiding by their chestnuts, especially as we have Mr. Forester's testimony that, fresh dropped from the boughs and eaten with wine, they are luxuries. Varying his narrative with sketches of Corsican history and citations of island romance, Mr. Forester has an anecdote of Clemente Paoli, brother of the patriot Pascal: "His was a singular character. Of a saturnine cast of disposition, he seldom spoke to those by whom he was surrounded; a great part of his time was spent in religious observances, and in the practice of the most rigid austerities. In short, he was the monk when at home, and the most intrepid warrior when engaged with the enemy of his country. The sanctity of his private life procured him singular veneration, and his presence in battle produced a wonderful effect on the patriots. Even when pulling the trigger to destroy his enemy, he is said to have prayed for the soul of his falling antagonist."

Mr. Forester is upon more trodden ground in Sardinia. That island has been much ransacked by artists, antiquaries, and the tribe of wandering gossips generally, who have all told us of the remarkable Pagan rites, the Nuraghe, and the barbarous, robber-haunted fastnesses of the Gallura. Mr. Forester, however, fell in with a party of veritable outlaws, "children of the mist," riding in single file over a heath on a wild November day:—

"They were mounted on small-sized horses, stepping lightly under the great weight they carried; for the bandits were stalwart men, and heavily accoutred. Their guns were, variously, slung behind them, held upright on the thigh, or carried across the saddle-bows; short daggers were stuck in each belt, and a longer one hung by the side; a large powder-horn was suspended under the arm. Saddles *en pique*, with sheepskin housings, and leathern pouches attached on both sides, supplying the place of knapsack and haversack, completed the equipment. The 'cabbanu,' a cloak of coarse brown cloth, hung negligently from the shoulders, and underneath appeared the tight-fitting pelisse or vest of leather; and the loose white-linen drawers, which give the Sardes a Moorish appearance, were gathered below the knee underneath a long black gaiter tightly buckled."

With resolute, melancholy, brooding faces, they passed on without a word or a salute, and left the English rambles to pursue their way to Tempio, where the Sarde girls draw water at their fountains like "the daughters of the men of the" well at Nahor, and where they dazzle strange eyes with their blue, green, and scarlet jackets and brightly bordered skirts. Then came a boar-hunt and a feast:—

"A wild boar was cut open, and, in Homeric style, the choicest portions of the intestines were torn out, and broiled on wooden skewers, offered to the hunting-knives of the guests. The wine cup went round, and the hunters' feast was seasoned with rude merriment."

Omitting Mr. Forester's speculations on the Nuraghe, we will make room for his account, derived from the work of Bresciani, of a Sardinian usage derived from antiquity:—

"Towards the end of March, or the beginning of April, it is the custom for young men and women to agree together to fill the relation of god-fathers and godmothers of St. John, *compare e comare*—such is the phrase—for the ensuing year. At the end of May, the proposed *comare*, having procured a segment of the bark of a cork tree, fashions it in the shape of a vase, and fills it with rich light mould in which are planted some grains of barley or wheat. The vase being placed in the sunshine, well watered and carefully tended, the seed soon germinates, blades spring up, and, making a rapid growth, in the course of twenty-one days,—that is, before the eve of St. John,—the vase is filled by a spreading and vigorous plant of

young corn. It then receives the name of *Hermes* or, more commonly, of *Su Nennere*, from a Sarde word, which possibly has the same signification as the Phœnician name of garden; similar vases being called, in ancient times, 'the gardens of Adonis.' On the eve of St. John, the cereal vase, ornamented with ribbons, is exposed on a balcony, decorated with garlands and flags. Formerly, also, a little image in female attire, or phallic emblems moulded in clay, such as were exhibited in the feasts of *Hermes*, were placed among the blades of corn; but these representations have been so severely denounced by the Church, that they are fallen into disuse. The young men flock in crowds to witness the spectacle and attend the maidens who come out to grace the feast. A great fire is lit on the *piazzi*, round which they leap and gambol, the couple who have agreed to be St. John's *compare* completing the ceremony in this manner:—the man is placed on one side of the fire, the woman on the other, each holding opposite ends of a stick extended over the burning embers, which they pass rapidly backwards and forward. This is repeated three times, so that the hand of each party passes thrice through the flames. The union being thus sealed, the *comparatio*, or spiritual alliance, is considered perfect. After that, the music strikes up, and the festival is concluded by dances, prolonged to a late hour of the night. In some places the couple go in procession, attended by a gay company of youths and damsels, all in holiday dresses, to some country church. Arrived there, they dash the vase of *Hermes* against the door, so that it falls in pieces. The company then seat themselves in a circle on the grass, and feast on eggs fried with herbs, while gay tunes are played on the *lionedda*."

Many such vestiges remain, as will be remarked by those who take in hand Mr. Forester's entertaining story of rambles in the islands of the Tuscan Sea.

#### MINOR MINSTRELS.

*The Moslem and the Hindoo: a Poem on the Sepoy Revolt.* By a Graduate of Oxford. (Saunders & Otley.)—We earth-eating Feringhees may have taken the Indies for our own "private eating," and, in the course of time, may swallow them, with an occasional sticking in the throat; but that we have not yet digested and assimilated them is proved, we think, by the fact that Indian wars do not come home to the national heart,—and our Indian heroes have never been fittingly enshrined in English poetry. From the day when Clive pursued his visioned victory across the river, and with his 3,000 men won it from his 60,000 foes at Plassey, up to the time of Napier's bloody wrestle for triumph at Meane, where twenty Bellocche shields opposed each bayonet thrust, the deeds of our Indian heroes might have passed away with the shifting of the sand on which they were written red, as far as poetry has been concerned. In the present stern struggle, which has produced such abundance of the stuff that makes a nation's "storm-stay-sails," we have seen a valour more noble than any that illumines the histories of Greece or Rome: more noble because it has so often been the high, calm courage that reveals the greater danger in the clearer light, and does not conquer with blind blows. But where is the poet who shall match it with glorious music and wed it to equal words? An "Oxford Graduate" has made a feeble attempt to strike the lyre and tell the story of the war; but his recital never reaches poetry. From beginning to end, he prosed on in the poorest of blank verse. Here are a few specimen lines:—

Anson saw  
The danger of the crisis; trifling then  
Were fatal; he to reach Umballa sought,  
Thence push to Delhi and defeat the foe.  
With eastern haste he to Umballa came,  
But there delay detain'd him—there he found  
No siege-train ready for th' emergency,  
No preparation 'gainst the fatal day.  
Delay! how trying to th' impatient mind!!!

Among the first who fell a sacrifice  
Were Fraser, Nixon, Douglas. Quickly spread  
This tale of terror to the battery.  
Without delay, the Fifty-fourth was sent

To check the scene of murder; orderly  
Through Cashmere's gate they marched, but at the sight  
Of those wild Sowars, gory with the work  
Of slaughter, backward from their lines they rush'd,  
And left their officers unarm'd, a prey,  
Defenceless and expos'd to murderous hands.

Short work they made: the Europeans fell  
Slain by that bloody crew. The Fifty-fourth,  
No longer fearing the commander's word,  
Join'd joyfully the rebel ranks, and rush'd  
With them to crime and heartless butchery.

*Poems.* By Edward Charles Mogridge. (London, Judd & Glass.)—To Mr. Mogridge, and other of our Minor Minstrels, we commend a little allegory, which, as Hazlitt said, cannot be made to go on all-fours. Old Biddy Wytock was the natural of a Scotch village. When she appeared in public, she was generally mounted astride a stick. The boys were accustomed to hint that, in spite of the stick, she had not any great advantage over other people that walked. Her invariable reply was, "she kenned, there wur no muckle difference, wur it no for the *grawnder* o' the thing!" It must be just the *grawnder* of the thing that tempts so many to straddle the stick or mount the stults of verse when they make a public appearance, instead of their being content with the feet Nature has supplied them with, and quietly walking the path of prose. Mr. Mogridge might safely, we think, have trusted all he had to say to prose. If we make any exception, it shall be in favour of the following stanzas, for the charm of their Béranger-like refrain:—

#### SHE IS NOT LISTENING NOW.

I held a parley with my tears,  
My tears that fell like rain;  
I cannot sing in these dull years  
The old exulting strain.  
What though this sad declining life  
Riches and fame endow,  
Too late the peace, too long the strife—  
She is not listening now!

To thee, my travel-wearied soul  
Would ever fly for rest,  
And all its dear-bought stores enroll  
Thou brightest and thou best.  
Treasure above all wealth or lore,  
As I shall e'er avow,  
Thou hast gone hence for evermore,  
Thou art not listening now!

True that for thee I would have died,  
Or lived all fear above—  
And rusted shocks of life defied,  
With an o'er-mastering love—  
In vain this wild and frantic grief,  
In vain each fervent vow;  
Slow time, wan age, bring small relief,  
She is not listening now!

Ah, bound on earth in dearest links  
With the soul's brightest chain,—  
A whisper comes, "Thy spirit sinks,  
Yet shall it climb again  
To richest peace—to union sure"  
My blest one—answerest thou?  
O world, thy worst I may endure,  
For she is listening now!

*Lays of the Lost One; and other Poems,* by H. Johnston (Dublin, Madden & Oldham), refer to the loss of a little child. What faculty they show is altogether imitative. From the other poems we select a couple of stanzas, for their pretty peep of a country cottage, and for the praiseworthy certainty of the last line.—

The stream ripples bright by my cottage;  
The sunshine is bright on the stream;  
And the wee, pebbly stones, in the sunshine,  
Like diamonds sparkle and gleam.  
There are hazel-trees kissing the water,  
And plumes of the fair meadow-sweet;  
And down by the hazels sits Jeanie,  
And dabbies her little white feet.

The robin peeps in at my door-way:  
The linnet looks down from the tree;  
And here, pilloved up in his cradle,  
Wee Sandy sits smiling at me.  
My milk-pail stands bright in the corner,  
My tins are all bright on the shelf;  
And the white supper-cloth on my table  
Is clean, for I washed it myself.

*Obvion's Empire* (Saunders & Otley) is emphatically a gone thing. The author of this book—"nameless here for evermore"—is not in possession of the magic wand that was waved in a certain 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'—that lies with the great enchanter by Avon stream. We have never met with any one who has seen the fairies,—and the author of this book is no exception.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Knave of Hearts: a Novel.* By Mrs. Frederick Hall. 3 vols. (Newby).—We wish that this novel had not been written by a lady. Our respect for our own sex forbids our wishing that it had been produced by a gentleman. So we are driven to the wish that it had not been written at all. It is not agreeable to be obliged to condemn a lady's work altogether, and it is not often necessary to do so. There is generally some redeeming quality to be found. If the work be deficient in power, there is usually good sense, or good feeling, or good taste, or something good that may be pointed out. Unpleasant as the task is, however, we must express our opinion of this work, for if by our silence or politeness one person were led to waste his time over it, we should incur a heavy responsibility. *The Knave of Hearts* is a young gentleman of the name of Constantine Pepperell. His father having recovered a considerable estate by a Chancery suit, and being convinced that his son is a great genius, articles the genius to a country attorney. This singular step is accounted for by the fact that Mr. Pepperell anticipates that his son will rise to be Attorney-General,—or, at any rate, attain a silk gown. The attorney does not set the old gentleman right. How should he?—since the author evidently thinks that to be articulated is the right road to the woollack, and now speaks of the youth as an aspirant for forensic honours. Constantine subsequently gets drunk on several occasions; and his eccentricities in what the author calls his state of *temulence* are dwelt on with evident relish. He falls in love with various young ladies, and breaks the heart of a young Welsh girl, whose history is certainly an exception to the rule, that truth is stranger than fiction. Although the Knave (if he may be said to have any character at all) is a lad of spirit, of a very amorous disposition, and a worshipper of female beauty, he performs a principal part in a foolish scene of a duel, in which both parties have communicated with the police; and he marries a middle-aged lady, for whom he cares nothing, entirely for her money. This lady dies in the third volume, and at the end of the book Constantine marries an Italian lady, of very wonderful antecedents, who always in a passion, but who, to make up for this, has an "irradiation of beauty" around her. This brings the author to the happy conclusion that, with all his defects, the Knave of Hearts was a winning card. No doubt any conclusion to this book is a happy one, though Constantine's chances of domestic peace appear at least doubtful. What the character of the hero is intended to be we have not the least notion, every theory we have found being irreconcilable with many of his actions. The little Welsh girl and the Italian lady are equally unfathomable. We fancied that the latter was the common high-souled Italian virago, and this notion was confirmed by the disgust with which she repelled the Knave's amorous advances during the lifetime of Mrs. Knave, No. 1. But though she did not previously care for Constantine, and was separated from him by her return to Italy immediately after his declaration, we find her married to him as soon as the first wife is dead. We need say little more concerning the style of this book than that it is worthy of the matter. There are almost as many adjectives as substantives, and the former are curiously ill chosen. The fun is small, and sometimes irreverent; while little scraps of Latin, French, and Italian are scattered here and there with a free hand, where there is no need of such vanities. In short, in those schools where the English language is taught by submitting to the scholars faulty passages for their correction, this might become a valuable book. We regret that we cannot point out its value for any other purpose.

*Ida; or, the Last Struggles of the Welsh for Independence.* By Alice Somerton. (London, Whittaker & Co.; Cambridge, Hall & Son).—This is a well-meant story, written in milk and water. The wild, half-barbarous Welsh are washed and combed, and dressed and polished, till they look like ladies and gentlemen in masquerade. Witness the following—a riding-party:—"Three sons and

two daughters of a Welsh chief two miles distant had joined hers (Lady Maclor's), and mounted upon horses, they were all just setting off. Eleanor was the fairest of them all; and, as she sat upon her noble grey, her riding-dress fell in graceful folds over her feet; a silver band fastened it at the throat; and round her slender waist it was confined by a girdle. Her flowing hair was confined in a caul of silver net. Shading her face was a broad-brimmed velvet cap, with a feather falling carelessly back on her shoulder. Close to Eleanor's side rode Gilbert, dressed in a dark—; but enough of costume. The sentiments and phraseology are equally gentle and picturesque; and the wild, untameable, half-barbarous mountaineers are good company for the selectest drawing-room of Belgravia or May Fair. The love passages are of the tenderest,—and it is to be regretted for everybody's sake that St. George's, Hanover Square, and bride-cake and wedding breakfasts were not then invented for the reward of faithful aspirants to matrimony. To be brief, the tone of modern sentiment, with the course of events of the year of Grace 1400, turns historical characters into figures of sugar fit only to ornament a twelfth-cake. These kind of stories appear to be on the increase,—and we protest against them as false and absurd. Such fancy historical stories enervate the faculties, pre-occupy the mind with rubbish, pall the appetite for healthy, genuine, historical reading, and are a grievous loss of time, complicated with positive mental and moral deterioration for young readers. 'Ida' is no worse, but rather better, than some of its class,—but it is not the less a weak and idle tale. Let Miss Alice Somerton write tales about interesting young ladies and charming young gentlemen as much as she pleases; but she has not any of the requisites for writing "historical novels."

*Boërice.* By Mrs. Charles Clacy. (Newby).—There is a great deal of errant nonsense in a very small compass to be found in this tale, which professes to be historical, of the time of Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena. Everybody remembers the famous lines—

A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

But, according to Mrs. Clacy, ease and elegance were the order of the day; and none of her characters are driven to such hard shifts:—they all dress themselves "in gorgeous array," like Mr. Robson's Dinah; and they live in castles, and recline on soft couches, "surrounded by every luxury,"—and for their conversation, the earlier heroes of Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels never conversed in a higher style of sentimental philosophy, or delivered sentiments more worthy of the finest feelings of the heart. Rowena, after she marries Vortigern, not finding herself married to the man of her choice, "plunges into a vortex of dissipation,"—of what nature we are not told. Drinking bouts were the chief "dissipations,"—but one would be slow to suspect a historical heroine of such amusements. The other heroine, Boërice, is the contrast to Rowena. She is pious and gentle, and generally dresses in white. Why Mrs. Clacy should have been moved to write a historical novel we do not know, nor should we have discovered that the novel was intended for anything but the purest fancy, if she had not told us; and, even now that she has told us, we feel some doubt.

*England under the Norman Occupation.* By James F. Morgan, M.A. (Williams & Norgate).—This is one more attack upon that celebrated *pièce de résistance* the Domesday Book. Mr. Morgan is an intelligent peruser of this great record, and the present publication appears to be formed of notes and observations which he has made while studying it, classified and arranged indeed, but very slightly, if at all enlarged. Such a publication does not address itself to the general reader, and even that class which alone would consult it would find it more digestible if the author had been less concise. But to say that a book is too short is to point out a defect that many readers, oppressed with the daily reams of literature, may find it hard to distinguish from a virtue. The book contains many valuable facts and suggestions concerning the agricultural and social polity of the Nor-

man, and the titles, officers and surnames in use amongst them. An eager student may gain some valuable information from its perusal. To the careless reader it may be useful as a soporific.

*The Principles of Physical Geography: being an Inquiry into Natural Phenomena and their Causes. Prepared for the Use of Eton College.* By the Rev. C. G. Nicolay. With Maps and Diagrams. (Stanford).—Mr. Nicolay has compiled his work upon a new plan, so far as the choice and arrangement of materials are concerned, adding to the mere facts of the science he has undertaken to illustrate a number of preliminaries and explanations tending to classify and popularize it. Thus, the rudiments of mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, geology, mineralogy, astronomy, botany, and zoology are treated as essential to a study of the form, size, and motions of the earth, the composition, relations, and changes of the substances which compose it, the external influences to which it is subject, and the extent and distribution of its productions,—and this introduces an agreeable animation into chapters which might otherwise have become monotonous. To avoid monotony appears to have been one of Mr. Nicolay's principal aims, since, though tracing the natural progression of his inquiry, he contrives to create variety without wandering into irrelevance. The order of the several treatises connects that on the substance and structure of the earth with that on man by the following links—the land, the ocean, the atmosphere, rain, snow, rivers and lakes, heat, living organism and the distribution of life, and these are accompanied by a number of well-executed diagrams and maps, illustrative of mathematical geography, the distribution of rocks and volcanoes, the heights of mountains, the action of rain, storms, and volcanoes, and the distribution of plants and animals, and even of creeds and educational systems. The book is one which, we think, will be serviceable to students and teachers.

*Bella Sandford: a Tale.* By F. C. Armstrong. (Marlborough & Co.).—Here are perils by sea, perils by land, perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils by robbers, and perils by the heathen, together with such remarkable encounters, such opportune discoveries, and such atrocious villainies, as never occur in any realm save the wonder-land of the imagination. Bella's adventures, which almost rival those of Sindbad, will serve to amuse an idle hour.

*Easter Holidays at Cedar Grove.* By Mrs. William Wood Seymour. (New York, Dana).—Quiet little people, if any such are left in this naughty world, will find in this volume an explanation of the vigils, feasts, and fasts of Easter. They will also be amused by the various children, old and young, who help to brighten up the sombre, old Cedar Grove.

*A Manual of Photographic Manipulation.* By Lake Price. (Churchill).—The author of this manual is well known as one of the most successful of the cultivators of the art of photography. With full artistic feeling, it has been his aim to give a higher character to the sun-drawn picture than that which ordinarily belongs to a process essentially mechanical in all its details. The practice of many years has rendered Mr. Lake Price familiar with all the peculiarities of manipulation which belong to the collodion process, to the consideration of which this manual is principally confined; and to those who desire to produce fine results by this peculiar division of photography, we cannot recommend a more satisfactory guide. Mr. Lake Price has not only studied photography as an art, but he has rendered himself familiar with all the physical conditions which are involved in the production of sun-pictures, and with the delicate chemical phenomena upon which, in the preparation of the sensitive tablets, success depends. The manner in which knowledge, acquired by diligent, we may say laborious, study, is here communicated might be copied with much advantage in manuals of a more pretending character. We have gone through the book with much care,—and we believe there is not a point omitted which it was necessary to explain to the amateur in the practice of the collodion process. The woodcuts of the defects, which in unskilled hands are continually



presenting themselves on the collision plate, are exceedingly instructive. There is a well-drawn copy of some peculiar defect on the plate; and then the author explains the cause of it, and gives the remedy. Mr. Lake Price writes with the enthusiasm of a master loving the art of his adoption; and many portions of his book may be read with pleasure, while the whole will be studied with unmistakable advantage.

Earl Fortescue's *Speech in the House of Lords* on asking a question respecting a monument to Field-Marshal Lord Raglan has been printed in a separate form, and has elicited *A Letter from the Earl of Westmoreland*. Mr. John Davis of Wapping (the living, not the dead) writes *An Epithalamium* on the recent royal marriage. His verse is somewhat cold and disinterested.—*An Ode on the Death of General Sir Henry Hawcock*, by Mr. W. D. Evans, is similarly fervent and noisy.—“One of the People,” in a criticism *On the Designs for the Wellington Monument*, adopts the artistic view of a kindred subject.—A personal matter of a very different kind is discussed in *A Brief Reply* on the part of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society to Mr. W. Parker Snow's exhibition of their doings in his recent work.

*Flagrant Injustice, Cruelty, and Oppression in the Case of Lieut. Torckler*, late of the Bengal Army, is a pamphlet of which it must suffice to record the title. This remark applies also to *The Service and the Reward: a Memoir of the late Robert Wilson Roberts, of the Royal Navy*, by George John Cayley.—Grievances of a public nature are treated in *The British Prisoners at Salerno*, by a late Member of Parliament, and *Parliamentary Influence and Official Intrigue*, by W. F. Finlason.—Mr. G. J. Cayley publishes *The Working Classes: their Interest in Administrative, Financial, and Electoral Reform*, and Mr. S. C. Whitehorn *The Social Evil practically considered*, a paper read to the Lay and Clerical Union.—*Opinions and Natural Testimonies to prove the Scriptural Lawfulness and Social Expediency of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister* is a pamphlet emanating from an association established to promote a change in the law.—Two or three titles may be appended, explanatory of some publications of a distinct character:—*The Seaman's Pocket Annual for 1858*, a handbook for masters, apprentices, and seamen, compiled by J. J. Mayo.—*The Mortality in the Guards considered and the Cause explained*.—*The Medical Practitioner's Bill explained in a Speech by the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.*, and *Evil Results of Overfeeding Cattle, a new Inquiry*, by Frederick J. Gant.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Airy's *The Defence of Cawnpore*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Airy's *Tracts on Lunar and Planetary Theories*, 4th edit. 8vo. 12s.  
 Ballads of Scotland (The), edited by Aytoun, 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Balthazar's *History of the Jews*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Braithwaite's *Dictionary of Medicine*, Vol. 37, 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Branthwaite's *Deerbrook Parsonage*, a Novel, 3 vols. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Green's *Restoration of Suburban Houses*, edited by Fendall, 2d. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 British Contrabandists (The), 3d. New Series, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Bürger's *Lenore*, Two Verse Translations of, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Buch's *Guide for Travellers in Egypt*, tr. by Wankmore, 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Bul's *The Rifleman's Manual*, 2d. edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Bul's *Letters on Romanism*, 2d. edit. by Woodward, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Capper's *Case of Good Hope and Port Natal*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Carlyle's Works, Cheap Edition, 3 vols. 12s. 6d. cl.  
 Chamber's *Journal*, Vol. 9, New Series, super-royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Collins's *Junior Classic Atlas for Schools*, royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. hf. bd.  
 Dickens's Works, Lib. Edit. "The Old Curiosity Shop," post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
 Donnelly's *Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico*, 12s. 6d. cl.  
 Encyclopædia Britannica, 8th edit. Vol. 16, 4to. 24s. cl.  
 Farrer's *Christian Doctrine of the Atonement*, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.  
 Francis's *The Angler's Register*, sq. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Gatty's *The Poor Incumbent*, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Gatty's *Twenty Plain Sermons for Country Congregations*, 8vo. 6s. cl.  
 Green's *Graduations in Euclid*, Books 1 and 2, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.  
 Gurney's *Historical Sketches*, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Handbook for Visitors to Oxford, new edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Huxley's *Notes*, in four books, by Lord Ravensworth, 31s. hf. bd.  
 Jodrell's *History and Antiquities of North Alston*, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Jodrell's *The British Army in India*, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Journal of the Royal Dublin Society, Vol. 1, 8vo. 10s. cl.  
 Keble's *Practical Hints upon the Administration of Galvanism*, 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Macbride's *Lectures on the Acts and the Epistles*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.  
 McCallum's *History of the Ancient Scots*, 12mo. 4s. cl.  
 McCallum's *Clinical Memoir of Strangulated Hernia*, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Macdonald's *Words in Season*, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Merrett's *The Outcast and the Poor of London*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Miller's *The Peacher and other Pictures of Country Life*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Moore's *Boy's Book of Industries*, 12mo. 5s. cl.  
 Parker's *Architecture of Chester*, with Intro. by Grosvenor, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Parker's *Library*, 12s. 6d. cl.  
 Lister's *Arithmetic*, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Lobb's *Paris Guide*, by an Englishman, Abroad, 1858, post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Rhine Guide, 1858, 2d. ed.; Swiss Guide, 1858, 2d. ed.; Through-Routes from London to Germany, 8vo. 1858, post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Rathbone's *Strawberry Girl*, with other Fancies in Verse, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Reade's *History and Antiquities of North Alston*, 8vo. 12s. cl.  
 Roberts's *The Threefold Life*, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.  
 Rotton's *The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi*, 10s. 6d. cl.  
 Ross's *Brief Memorials of Trinity College, Dublin*, 8vo. 1858, 2d. ed. 12s. cl.  
 Seddon (Thomas), *Memoir and Letters of*, by his Brother, 4s. 6d. cl.  
 Shepherd's *The Sweet Psalmist of Israel*, 8vo. 5s. cl.  
 Smith's *The Privileged, a Tale of the 18th Century*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.  
 Terminal Synonymes of Daniel's Two Principal Periods, 8vo. 6d. cl.  
 Titan, Vol. 36, 1st Jan. to June, 1858, 8vo. 12s. cl.

Wellington, *Life of*, from Brialmont, by Gleig, 3 vols. V. 1 & 2, 30s.  
 Whewell's *History of Scientific Ideas*, 3rd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 14s.  
 Wieram's *Rules of Law respecting the Interp.* of Wills, 4th ed. 11s.  
 Williams on *Combustion of Coal and Prevention of Smoke*, 3s. 6d. cl.  
 Words for Little Ones, by Author of "Scriptural Instruction," 2s.  
 Wylie's *Chantry Manual for Exeter Cathedral*, 2nd edit. 3s. 6d.

MIDDLE CLASS EXAMINATIONS.

THESE EXAMINATIONS were opened simultaneously on the 21st inst., at Oxford, London, Bath, Bedford, Birmingham, Cheltenham, Exeter, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester and Southampton. The candidates are divided into a Senior and Junior Class. On the former the University intends conferring the "Title of Associate of Arts," provided their acquirements attain a certain standard. 1,223 names have been entered—423 for the title of A.A. and 800 for the Junior Certificate. London has the honour of standing first in numerical strength, having sent up 114 candidates; next ranks Oxford, her representatives numbering 56. It is, however, a curious fact that not one of these, we believe, is a native or inhabitant of the city of Oxford itself.

The other districts vary from 33 to 12—the numbers from Bath and Bedford being the lowest,—those of the former 14, and of the latter 12. Cheltenham and Liverpool—each represented by 38 candidates—stand before Manchester and Birmingham, the numbers of these being 36 and 26 respectively. Manchester and Birmingham, considering their importance as commercial cities, do not occupy the position in these lists that some persons expected and desired.

A feature in the statistics of these Examinations for the present year, so far as they have as yet been ascertained, is the number of persons who have offered themselves for examination in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion—a subject left by the University to the opinion of the candidates themselves. Had the University authorities made the subject compulsory, we believe the object would have been frustrated. Temperance and religion we cannot legislate for. For many years, for centuries, we have tried harsh means,—proclamations and flames, edicts and tortures, imprisonments and threats of damnation. Emperors and kaisers, kings and queens, governments and constitutions have in vain legislated on this subject. Instead of better we have become worse; we have felt no decrease of vice, nor increase of religion, to result from their measures. We believe, therefore, the time has come when milder courses should have at least a trial, when we should appeal to the kinder feelings rather than rouse the angrier passions. Of 423 senior, 304, and of 800 junior, 514 have voluntarily, and with the consent of their parents or guardians, subjected themselves to examination in religious subjects. When we reflect that considerably more than one-half of the total number of candidates are of different persuasions from the Church of England, we feel that her most zealous supporters and ardent well-wishers must needs be more than satisfied with this result of the first year's numbers of Divinity students.

English History and Literature have naturally the most numerous students, there being only about 40 who do not take up these subjects, in an extended course, for honours,—all candidates being required to satisfy the examiners that they have attained at least a moderate knowledge of the same. In French there are 872 candidates, 306 of whom are entered from London. The favourite studies of the manufacturing districts seem to be French, Mathematics, and Chemistry. There are but 118 students of both classes,—in German a comparatively small amount. The Dead Languages are represented by 806 Latin and 290 Greek scholars. Botany and Zoology have the lowest numbers, there being but five names entered for competition in these subjects, three of which belong to Exeter, and two to Birmingham. Eighty-two candidates have come up in Music—Manchester, Southampton and Cheltenham being alone unrepresented.

ROBERT BROWN AND THE WATER CONTROVERSY.

THE great botanist whose life you have sketched in your last number was so modest and unassuming a man that it may be feared he has carried

to the grave much knowledge on many points, which all lovers of science would have preferred should not die with him. On one of these points, interesting to a wide circle of physicists, documentary evidence may yet exist,—and I ask the favour of sufficient space in your columns to direct the attention of those in a position to settle the matter, towards the question of such evidence existing.

Robert Brown took a great interest in the much-disputed problem—"Was Watt or Cavendish the discoverer of the composition of water?"—and strongly favoured the claims of the latter, whom he had often met in early life. He supplied me with information regarding Cavendish for the "Life" of that philosopher, written for the Cavendish Society, and expressed—though with his customary caution and reserve—an unhesitating opinion in favour of Cavendish's originality and integrity. On one of his latest visits to Edinburgh, after the publication of the "Life of Cavendish," he recurred, in conversation, to the Water Controversy, and startled me by stating that there existed a document or documents "which would put Cavendish's claims as the discoverer of the composition of water beyond dispute." I do not pretend to give his exact words, but I think I do not overstate their import. He would not enter into any particulars, but shook his head and smiled when I pressed him for further information.

Two years ago I saw him for the last time, in London, and after reminding him of his former conversation, asked him if there was no probability of the document or documents in favour of Cavendish being published. I could not, however, extract more from him than the assurance that there certainly existed such writings. On this point he spoke (for him) freely,—but when I suggested publication I could not get him beyond smiles.

I mentioned Robert Brown's statement to various scientific men at the time, and some of them I think had learnt as much from his own lips. My object in writing this is, to suggest that among the papers of the deceased, and especially among those which he inherited from Sir Joseph Banks (whose name figures largely in the Water Controversy), may be found documents bearing on the rival claims of Cavendish and Watt, which deserve a careful examination. Should authoritative papers be found, all lovers of truth will desire their publication, whichever, if either, side in the Water Controversy they favour. I presume that the papers of Sir Joseph Banks are now under the control of the Trustees of the British Museum, who doubtless would afford all facilities in the way of consulting his MSS. The Council of the Cavendish Society would, I feel assured, charge itself with the careful scrutiny of any papers referring to their Name-Philosopher. They might further be submitted to the Duke of Devonshire, who has in his possession the Cavendish MSS. Failing all others, I should gladly undertake the study of any papers throwing additional light on the Water Controversy with a view to their publication if their importance made that desirable.—I remain, &c.

GEORGE WILSON.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, June 12.

Prof. Palmieri has made a second report on the eruption, which report we lay before our readers.

On the 30th of May I gave you a brief notice of the phenomena offered by Vesuvius on the first five days of the present conflagration. I hasten now to narrate what I have noted from that time to the present, especially as it appears to me near the termination of the flow of lava from the base of the cone. One usually asks from how many mouths the fire issues, and by mouths one generally understands those little ephemeral cones that almost invariably rise upon the opening of the principal cone, from the summit of which issues the aeriform matter carrying forth streams of lava,—which, falling one upon another, raise those hills of scoria,—the rapid formation of which I myself have this time had the opportunity of witnessing. These small cones, because rising

upon the same opening, develop themselves upon the same line, and not unfrequently during the eruption fall and rise, changing their forms and number. That which is not so in appearance is really the opening upon which these cones erect themselves. However, sometimes these cones do not exist, and the lava comes directly out of the opening itself, in which case it is so mixed with the scoria and the ashes that one sees only a series of little apertures. I have observed fourteen apertures with and without cones; and, including the large openings from the 27th to the 30th of May, the period of the height of the eruption, the great Vesuvian cone has been rent by five different openings,—which, as they were not produced in the same moment, I will describe in the order in which they succeeded each other. First, the opening upon the cone Control, which gave forth a little lava on the 27th of May, remained smoking for several days, and gave forth a great quantity of common salt, which appeared like snow fallen upon the top of the mountain. Upon this opening there were no cones. Second, opening upon the declivity of the cone a little above the Atrio del Cavallo, towards the N.N.W., from which a copious stream of lava issued, and in the evening began to fall into the fosso of the Vetrana. Upon this, between the 28th and 29th of May, were formed four very small, very sharp cones, one of which rose about a metre above the level of the lava. I succeeded in removing half of it, and shall transfer it to the Observatory. This opening ceased to burn about the 31st of May, a larger aperture appearing soon after the last, which I shall mention. Third, an opening towards the east side of the cone, from which issued a great deal of lava, that reached the country below, but ceased to smoke in three days. Fourth, an opening on the edge of the cone towards the S.W., above the Piano delle Ginestre, which, opening on the 28th of May, closed after having given forth a small quantity of lava, and re-opening lower down on the following day, did a great deal of injury to the cultivated land, and nearly filled the enormous ravine justly called the great ditch (*grande fosso*), formerly the Fosso de Corvi. On this opening, on the 30th of May, four cones were formed in twenty minutes. Fifth, finally another great opening upon the site of the mouths of 1855, on the south side of the cone, a little above the Atrio del Cavallo; there three cones were formed, one of which remains still. From this and the last mentioned the greatest quantity of lava has proceeded. The lava which came out of the southern apertures has filled all the great space between the Atrio from the Punta del Nasone to the Crocella. On the 5th of this month (June), in the whole of the Atrio, one could not perceive the fire; it was flowing on under the solid black scoria, and was a wonderful sight. I walked over the scoria, and saw every now and then through an opening the living fire, which was half a metre deep under my feet. An odour of acid sulphur stronger than the heat issued from many places. This lava, after having poured through the Atrio del Cavallo, under the brown scoria, fell into the fosso of the Vetrana, and from thence into that of the Farama, thank God! without proceeding further,—the intrepid population of Massa and S. Sebastiano being thereby spared seeing the fire in the midst of them. This time it would have been more perilous than it was in 1855, when the burning torrent found the bed of a river to empty itself in. A second torrent of devastating fire poured from the opening of the S.W., the last which showed itself, and passing the Piano delle Ginestre, and crossing the old road from Resina to the Hermitage, threw itself into the great fosso in a grand cascade, and issuing finally out of this deep and large ravine, spread itself over the country below, following the course of the lava of 1767, which ends at San Jorio. It has destroyed two country houses and desolated several vineyards, but has not proceeded further. The great fosso, after having given a passage to a portion of the lava of the terrible eruption of 1631, then to that of 1696, of 1767, and 1839, &c., was of such a depth that it made one tremble, for one saw with wonder that the lava rolled on without being able to penetrate the mass of calcareous manganese with which they

make cameos for brooches and bracelets, and the sodalite and other minerals which enrich our collections. The copious smoke which arose from the fluid lava has never emitted an odour of acid chloride as in 1855, but I have submitted the smoke to chemical tests, and found alkaline chlorures in it. In the smoke-holes, in the lava already mentioned, I found sulphureous acid, and in the vicinity of the cones to the S.W. I have to-day discovered the odour of sulphuretted hydrogen. The smoke-apertures in the lava do not appear to be so rich in sublimations as in the year 1855. At present we find common salt, salts of ammonia, chloride of iron, &c., &c., and near the spent cones iron and salts of copper.

From the mouth of the 19th of December, 1855, was thrown out on the 30th of May of this year a black sand mixed with chlorures and sulphate of iron, alum, and several large crystals. The smoke-holes on the top of the mountain on the 1st of June were full of those insects to which I have for some time called the attention of naturalists.

Slight shocks of earthquakes have been very frequent: there has not been a day that the seismograph has not announced two or three. In eleven days, from a small aperture a large quantity of lava has flowed, which I think may, especially in the great fosso, from its quality, recompense the losses it has occasioned. The lava appears almost stopped this evening, and the mouths throw out but little smoke; but the mountain is not yet tranquil.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Sir E. B. Lytton has adopted, in conjunction with the Lords of the Treasury, a reform at the Colonial Office, similar to that introduced by Lord Malmesbury into the Foreign Office. The papers of the Colonial Department—including those known as Trade and Plantation Papers—are now to be divided into two classes,—the historical and the political. The line is drawn at 1688. Writers will in future be free to copy or to abstract any papers prior to that date, without reference to the Secretary of State. These changes are of serious value, and will be remembered to the credit of Lord Malmesbury and Sir E. B. Lytton, when much that now looks more important will have been lost to recollection.

The abandonment of the Press Prosecutions is an act creditable to the good sense of Government. The case was one in which defeat would have been embarrassing and success deplorable—offence abroad or ruin at home. But a successful prosecution was well nigh impossible. No sane person expected to see a London jury convict an author for writing that which every boy in England writes in his school exercises, and every man talks in his maturer years. Since the reign of Charles the Second there has been little chance, we think, of such a verdict; and the wise retreat of the Government saves us from much eloquent indignation—new appeals to Brutus and Aristogeiton, Sydney and Vane—fresh popular demonstrations against Imperial institutions—and a world of diplomatic inconvenience.

The last flower-show of the season took place at the Royal Botanic Gardens on Wednesday last with great success. A very brilliant day—good music, and a distinguished company completed the natural attractions under the tents.

A friend in a western city gives us the following illustration of the effects of warm summers:—

"June 24.

"In the last number of the *Athenæum*, p. 785, an observation of Mr. Ingram, on the effect of the warm summer and autumn of 1857, coincides with the opinion I lately heard as to the unwanted flowering of the polonia in this country. Several trees of this exotic in the neighbourhood of Bath have this year blossomed profusely; one which had stood fifteen years without ever bearing flowers before. This phenomenon was accounted for by the 'well-matured deposit of woody fibre,' which, Mr. Ingram says, was the product of the unusual warmth of the year 1857 in Great Britain. The rich bunches of lilac bells of the polonia seen in England in May 1858 will long be remembered, as a rare ornament

of our gardens, by those who had the pleasure of seeing them.

The extraordinary rise that has taken place in the value of early Xylography, or printing from wooden blocks, was demonstrated recently at a sale by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, where a fine copy of the Apocalypsis S. Joannis, comprising the principal portions of the Revelation of St. John, represented by forty-eight rude engravings, with descriptive text, executed on wood, produced the enormous sum of 250*l.*, although in the opinion of Mr. Leigh Sotheby of the sixth edition. The first edition sold at Brienne-Laire's sale for only 330 francs, and at Willett's for 42*l.* The second edition sold for 661 francs, at the disposal of the Léon d'Ourches collection; the third for 600 francs, at the sale of Brienne-Laire; and the fifth for 725 francs at that of M'Carthy.

That unhappy Wellington Monument is again in everybody's mouth, like dust on a summer day. After beating Sir William Molesworth, about whose memory it clings unpleasantly, and wearing Sir Benjamin Hall, who seems to have done his very best to avoid decision one way or other, it has now been taken in hand by Lord John Manners, who, of course, has undone all that his predecessors had contrived. The Molesworth competition failed to satisfy the Ministerial mind, and was set aside. The Hall competition fails to satisfy Lord John Manners,—and he sets it aside, artists, architects, adjudicators, and all. But to avoid new, and perhaps more troublesome competitions, he boldly makes a selection from the mass of models (design No. 18),—and though the lucky work was not chosen for conspicuous honour by Lansdowne, Milman, Gladstone, Cust, and Overstone, he rejoices to find his choice sanctioned by Mr. Pennethorne. This proceeding, we must be allowed to say, is droll,—and we feel no surprise either at the indignation which has not been sent to the *Times*, or at the reproachful protests which Lord Elcho has addressed to our contemporary; though we very emphatically object, for our own part, to the course which he seems to recommend in favour of a particular sculptor, whose relations to this work have been for a long time past a public scandal. Apart, however, from the neglect of all the implied conditions of the great competition, we conceive that Lord John will find little enthusiasm in favour of his plan of employing a painter, a sculptor and an architect, to turn a corner of St. Paul's into a tawdry likeness to an Italian chapel. St. Paul's ought to be sacred from any such experiment. Lord John would surely do well to return to the original design—the only one ever sanctioned by Parliament—of erecting a marble monument in St. Paul's, value 5,000*l.* All that is needed for Wellington may be got for this money:—and for the remaining thousands Lord John Manners might endow the public with twelve more such statues as now enrich St. Stephen's Hall.

Mr. Bosanquet wishes to make some corrections in the Asiatic Society's report of his recent discourse:—"Pray do me the favour of correcting one or two errors in my lecture, at the Asiatic Society, on the 5th inst. Cyaxares, or Ahasuerus, I suppose to have reigned from B.C. 538 to 522. Darius, adopted son of Ahasuerus, who began to reign in B.C. 521, I suppose to have transferred his government to Babylon in 493. The birth of Christ I place in the year 3."

Capt. Noble asks us to insert these explanations:

"Forest Lodge, Maresfield, Sussex, June 24.

"It is with no wish to justify, nor even to palliate the expressions employed by me at the Meeting of the Astronomical Society, on the 11th inst.,—but in simple justice to all parties concerned, that I must beg you to report what I really did say, which was this, that 'the Monthly Notices exhibited an amount of original talent which one would expect from an ordinary charity boy, and were brought out with a degree of dilatoriness for which any charity boy would be infallibly well thrashed.' I may add that your advice to me personally loses something of its point from the fact that I did not sit down when called to order for the use of the words I have indicated, but proceeded to say that there could be no reason why the



Fellows should not now receive the 'Notices' as soon as they did when we had another and a gratuitous editor, and that we had a distinct right to expect reasonable diligence from Mr. Grant as one of the paid servants of the Society. Circumstances have reached my ears since, with reference to Mr. Grant, which have caused me to regret sincerely that I made this attack upon him,—but I regret more that a righteous cause should have suffered from the incompetence and intemperance of me, its advocate. I must say that I think the sneer at 'the terms of existence in the Society' of those Fellows who signed the requisition comes most particularly ill from a Council which elected into its own body, on the 12th of February 1858, a gentleman (most eminent though he undoubtedly is) who only obtained the Fellowship on the 10th of July 1857,—and it further appears to me *a priori*, more likely that the Fellows comparatively recently elected should perceive the abuses which have crept into the Society than those should do who have been engaged for years in perpetuating them.—I am, &c.

"WILLIAM NOBLE, Captain."

The Academy of Paris has bestowed two Monthly prizes of 2,500 francs each,—the one on M. Baudrillard, of the *Journal des Débats*, for his Manual of Political Economy; the other on M. Melun for a history of Ste.-Rosale.

Among the sciences most favoured by the Russian Government is that of Statics. A Central Commission has been recently organized at St. Petersburg to collect and publish the Reports of the various branches of Administration. The Statistical Society of St. Petersburg has existed for eleven years, and has published a considerable amount of information as to the extent, population, trade, and manufactures of the empire. The Grand-Duke Constantine has founded an annual prize, in the form of a gold medal, for the best Statistical Essay; and individual members have supplied funds for carrying out special investigations.

The Society of Antiquaries of Norway has recently held its annual meeting in the Castle of Christiansborg, when the King submitted to the members the splendidly illustrated work, 'The Graves of the Kings, at Ringsted, opened, restored, and provided with new Memorial Slabs by His Majesty, King Frederick the Seventh.' At the same time, the King communicated to the meeting the principal results of those researches which took place, by his order, in September, 1855.

The *Neue Münchener Zeitung* publishes a report on the dramatic prize-competition by the arbiters—Herr Emanuel von Geibel, Baron von Schack, and Prof. von Sybel—which gentlemen may well claim an acknowledgment for the conscientiousness with which they have acquitted themselves of their troublesome task. When they met for the first time, on the 3rd of August, 1857, they found not less than 113 tragedies waiting for their inspection and judgment. Of these, 11 were excluded from competition, as not answering the conditions of the prize. Among the remaining 102 tragedies, 22 had taken their subject from German history; 4 from German legend; 19 treated on antique, and 9 on modern subjects; 7 were founded on the history of the Byzantine Empire and Modern Greece; 4 on the traditions of the Jews, and 3 on those of the Arabs; 4 had made use of Slavonic and Hungarian subjects, and 2 were taken from the Northern Saga. Spanish history and legend were represented by 7 tragedies, French history by 6, Lombard history by 3, Italian history by 4, Swiss history by 2, and English history by 1. 5 other tragedies were entirely imaginative, and purely the inventions of their authors. On the result of the competition we have reported before.

The following list contains the names, ages, and professions of the candidates to whom the Examiners for the Society of Arts have awarded the prizes for 1858.—Arithmetic—1st prize, 5*l.*, G. W. Wicker, aged 18, of the Watt Institute, Portsea (Portsmouth)—a working engineer; 2nd prize, 3*l.*, T. R. Howard, aged 22, of the Crosby Hall Evening Classes, London—clerk. Book-keeping—1st prize, 5*l.* each, G. Harrison, aged 21, of the Young Men's Christian Institute, Leeds—book-

keeper, and G. E. Skinner, aged 21, of the Literary Institution, Lynton—attorney's clerk; 2nd prize, 3*l.* each, J. D. Bennett, aged 18, of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, London—gas engineer, and T. R. Howard, aged 22, of the Crosby Hall Evening Classes, London—clerk. Algebra—1st prize, 5*l.*, G. W. Wicker, aged 18, of the Watt Institute, Portsea (Portsmouth)—a working engineer; 2nd prize, 4*l.*, A. Pickard, aged 16, of the Young Men's Christian Institute, Leeds—a mechanic; 3rd prize, 3*l.*, F. S. Evans, aged 18, of the Athenæum, Bristol—(occupation not stated). Geometry—1st prize, 5*l.*, W. Wheatley, aged 17, of the Young Men's Christian Institute, Leeds—land surveyor. Mensuration—1st prize, 5*l.*, G. W. Wicker, aged 18, of the Watt Institute, Portsea (Portsmouth)—a working engineer. Conic Sections—1st prize, 5*l.*, F. S. Evans, aged 18, of the Athenæum, Bristol. Chemistry—1st prize, 5*l.*, G. Warington, aged 17, of the Crosby Hall Evening Classes, London—worker in a chemical laboratory; 2nd prize, 3*l.*, F. W. Rudler, aged 17, student of the Chemical class, Royal Polytechnic (London)—a solicitor's clerk. Botany—1st prize, 5*l.*, G. Warington, aged 17, of the Crosby Hall Evening Classes, London—worker in a chemical laboratory. Political Economy—1st prize, 5*l.*, J. Fretwell, aged 20, of the Crosby Hall Evening Classes, London—clerk. Geography—Descriptive—1st prize, 5*l.*, R. H. Stretch, aged 20, of the Banbury Mechanics' Institution—draper; 2nd prize, 3*l.*, G. Best, aged 24, of the Mechanics' Institution, Leeds—book-keeper; Physical—1st prize, 5*l.*, R. H. Stretch, aged 20, of the Banbury Mechanics' Institution—draper. English History—1st prize, 5*l.*, G. Best, aged 24, of the Mechanics' Institution, Leeds—book-keeper. English Literature—1st prize, 5*l.*, E. Birks, aged 29, of the People's College, Sheffield—bank cashier; 2nd prize, 4*l.*, J. Fox, aged 21, of the Mechanics' Institution, Halifax—timber merchant; 3rd prize, 3*l.*, J. H. Davy, aged 31, of the People's College, Sheffield—grocer. Latin and Roman History—1st prize, 5*l.*, W. T. Hutchinson, of the People's College, Sheffield—butcher. Latin—2nd prize, 3*l.*, E. Highton, aged 20, of the Crosby Hall Evening Classes, London—clerk. No prizes were awarded in Trigonometry; Navigation and Nautical Astronomy; Statics; Dynamics, and Hydrostatics; Practical Mechanics; Magnetism, Electricity and Heat; Astronomy; Animal Physiology; French; German; Free-hand Drawing; and Mechanical or Geometrical Drawing; as no candidate obtained a first-class certificate in any of these subjects.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN. Admission, (from Eight till Seven o'clock), 1*l.*; Catalogue, 1*l.*. JOHN PRISCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, opened on MONDAY, June 7, and will continue open daily from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar Square), from Nine till Dunk. Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1*l.*; Season Tickets, 5*l.* each. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Modern Artists of the French School is OPEN to the Public, at the French Gallery, 150, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* each. Open from 9 to 6 daily.

ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURES, 'LANDAIS PEASANTS going to MARKET,' and 'MORNING in the HIGHLANDS,' together with her Portrait, by Ed. Dubufe, are NOW ON VIEW at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond Street.—Admission, 1*l.*. Open from Nine till Six.

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ, at St. MARTIN'S HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, July 1, at Eight o'clock, 'THE POOR TRAVELLERS,' 'BOOTS at the HOLLY-TREE INN,' and 'Mrs. GAMP.'—Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5*l.*; Area and Galleries, 3*l.* 6*d.*; Unreserved Seats, 1*l.*. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, Publishers, 193, Fleet-street; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

GREAT GLOBE.—CAMPAIGN IN INDIA, DIORAMA of the SCENES of the INDIAN MUTINY and Advance of the BRITISH ARMIES, with descriptive Lectures at 12, 3, 6, and 9 o'clock. Lucknow, at 1, 3, and 5 o'clock. THE WAR IN CHINA.—Diorama of Canton and the Cities of China, at 2 and 7 o'clock. Lectures on India, China, and the Atlantic Cable every hour.—Admission to the whole, 1*l.*. Open from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Great Globe, Leicester Square.

LAST NIGHTS of MONT BLANC.—Mr. ALBERT SMITH'S VESUVIUS, NAPLES, POMPEII, and MONT BLANC, will CLOSE on TUESDAY EVENING, July 5.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT.—Mr. Pepper's Lease having expired on the 25th inst., the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public at large are respectfully informed that this Institution will in future be carried on under the immediate supervision of the Board of Directors. Every attention will be paid to the POPULAR EXHIBITION, by LECTURES and EXPERIMENTS, of all those branches of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, CHEMISTRY, OPTICS, MECHANICS, and DOMESTIC ECONOMY, for which it was originally established, 1828, and has acquired a distinguished reputation. At the same time, RATIONAL AMUSEMENT and INSTRUCTION will be so blended, by the addition of MUSIC, PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS, DISSOLVING VIEWS, &c. &c., as to render a visit to it, at all times, a source of gratification. Special attention will be paid to the interest of Patentees and Inventors, and all those who desire publicity, will obtain it, by sending Models, &c. of their Inventions, the uses and objects of which will be explained to the Public, free of cost to the Proprietors. Open daily from Twelve to Five; Evenings, from Seven to Ten.

R. L. LONGBOTTOM, Managing Director.  
JOHN WYNNE, Secretary.

June, 1858.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL and PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM, 3, Titchborne-street, opposite the Haymarket.—Lectures daily by Dr. Kahn at Three; and by Dr. Sexton at a Quarter past One, at Four, and, 'On Diseases of the Skin,' at Eight. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten. Admission, One Shilling.—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c. sent post free on receipt of twelve stamps.

## SCIENTIFIC

### SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—June 17.—The Lord Wrottesley, President, in the chair.—Prof. Huxley delivered the Croonian Lecture, 'On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull.'

GEOLOGICAL.—June 9.—L. Horner, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Major E. R. Wood, C. Falconer, Esq., W. S. Clark, Esq., T. Evans, Esq., W. H. Le Fevre, Esq., and J. Millar, Esq., were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—'On Jointings, and on the Dolomites near Cork,' by Prof. Harkness;—'On an Experiment in Melting and Cooling some of the Rowley Rag,' by W. Hawkes, Esq.;—'On the Iron Ores of Exmoor,' by W. Smyth, Esq.;—'On Native Copper in the Llandudno Mine, near Great Orme's Head, North Wales,' by Capt. W. Vivian;—'On the Slate-rocks and Trap-veins of Easdale and Oban,' by Prof. James Nicol.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 17.—Joseph Hunter, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. G. G. Gilbert Heard and Mr. J. T. Jeffcock were admitted Fellows.—The Rev. T. Hugo exhibited examples of modern forgeries of pilgrims' signs.—Mr. O. Morgan, V.P., exhibited a bakrie of the fifteenth century, of Italian workmanship.—Mr. C. S. Percival exhibited tracings of five water-marks on the paper of an ancient manuscript on Canon Law, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge.—Mr. E. C. Ireland exhibited a photograph, representing the front view of a carving, in box-wood, of the latter half of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Museum at Kirkcaldy, Yorkshire.—Mr. W. S. Fitch exhibited a seal of Hugh Prior, of Aumerle, and eighteen casts of seals,—all from charters relating to Dode-nash Priory.—Mr. Akerman, the Secretary, exhibited a leaden mortuary cross, found at Angers, bearing an inscription with the name of one 'Claricia,' and the year '1136.'—Mr. A. W. Franks, the Director, exhibited some iron weapons of the Anglo-Saxon period, found in the river Witham, in Lincolnshire.—Mr. C. D. E. Fortnum exhibited fragments of Roman pottery and bricks from Brockley Hill, Middlesex.—Mr. S. Stone communicated a journal of excavations and researches made at Yelford, Stanton Harcourt, and Stanlake, Oxfordshire; exhibiting a plan of the Anglo-Saxon cemetery at Yelford, and a model of numerous pits at Stanlake.—Mr. E. G. Squier, Hon. F.S.A., exhibited four drawings of gold objects of aboriginal American Art, found about nine miles inland from the city of Panama in excavating for the railway there.—Mr. J. R. Daniel Tyssen exhibited a sword, several daggers, and some spurs, found in the river at Hackney.—Mr. Richard Almack read selections from letters and documents of the Stanhope family in the latter half of the sixteenth century.—The meetings of the Society were then adjourned to Thursday, the 18th of November next.

**ZOOLOGICAL.**—June 8.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.—Dr. Hartlaub described some new species of birds from Western Africa, in the collection of the British Museum.—Mr. Slater called the attention of the Society to some specimens of Tanagers, from the collection of M. Verreaux, of Paris. Two of these he considered as new, and characterized under the names *Chlorospingus castaneicollis* and *Calliste cyanotis*, both from the interior of Peru. Mr. Slater also exhibited a series of birds received by M. Sallé, of Paris, from Oaxaca, in Southern Mexico.—Mr. Holdsworth read a paper 'On *Electra verticillata*,' and directed attention to a remarkable variation in its mode of growth, found by him abundantly on the coast of Portugal, and, although alluded to by several naturalists, had never been fully described. This variety consisted in the production of clusters of narrow ribbon-shaped fronds from the encrusting cylindrical form usually figured, each ribbon being composed of a double layer of connected opposite cells placed in parallel transverse rows.—The Secretary read a paper containing a monograph of the genus *Kerivoula*, by Mr. R. F. Toms, in which a new species was described and named *K. Arooa*.—He also read a paper 'On the Reproduction of *Nemates Borlasi*,' by Mr. Beattie, Hon. Sec. of the Montrose Natural History Society.—Dr. Gray read a paper 'On the Families of Aspergillidae, Gastrochneidae, and Humphreyiade.'—Mr. E. C. Taylor exhibited eggs of *Fregata aquila*, from Fonseca Bay, on the Pacific coast of Honduras and of *Crocodilus acutus*, from Jamaica, collected by his brother, Mr. G. C. Taylor.

June 22.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read containing a new arrangement of Tailless Batrachians, by Dr. Günther.—The Secretary read a paper by Mr. R. F. Toms 'On the *Vespertilio sullus* of Temminck, the type of the genera *Murina*, *Gray*, and *Ocyptes*, Lesson.' At one time Mr. Toms was much disposed to adopt one of these names for the species under view, but he found, from a more intimate examination, that the external peculiarities on which the genus was founded, were not supported by such characters in the cranium as he deemed essential to generic independence. But as he had been able to examine only a limited number of specimens, and those in the state of skin, he did not consider himself qualified to determine the point with certainty. He therefore contented himself with giving a more complete description than had yet appeared, and with pointing out some affinities with other species which had been overlooked.—Mr. G. Krefft read a few remarks on the habits and economy of the Brown-capped Pomatorhinus (*P. ruficeps*, Hartlaub). He also exhibited a collection of very interesting sketches, taken by himself, of the natives and of various animals in Australia, together with a series of photographs of similar subjects made by Mr. Scott.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited some shells from Madagascar.—The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Edgar Layard, descriptive of the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new South African Museum at Cape Town.

**STATISTICAL.**—June 15.—W. B. Hodge, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Welton read a paper 'On the Occupations of the People of England and Wales.' The author divides the population into nine classes, the numbers in each of which are as follows:—1. Agricultural, Grazing, Fishing, &c., 2,039,402; 2. Mining, Quarrying, &c., 297,184; 3. Manufacturing, 1,458,699; 4. Trading, 2,499,880; 5. Commercial, 602,605; 6. Menial, 1,006,452; 7. Professional (except Legal), 172,855; 8. Official and Legal, 173,911; 9. Unclassified, 9,676,621: Total, 17,927,609. It may be as well to remark, that class 4. consists mainly of shopkeepers, and workmen employed in manufactures for local use; and that class 5. includes those who are employed in the maintenance of roads, railways, and canals, and in the carriage of goods. In the counties of Hereford, Huntingdon, Bedford, Suffolk, Lincoln, Rutland, Cambridge, Essex, Buckingham, Hertford, the North Riding of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Wilts, and Oxford, at least 45 per cent. of the men belong to class 1. In the Registration District of

Penzance 9.1 per cent. of the men are fishermen. Bakers are generally more numerous in towns than in rural districts, but there is much variation, and the proportion in London is eight times as great as that in Leeds. Publicans (including innkeepers, licensed victuallars, and beer-shop keepers,) are most numerous, in proportion to the population, in Cambridge, Hunts, Herts, Middlesex, Bucks, and Berks, and least so in Northumberland, Durham, Cornwall, and North Wales. In London the proportion is nearly the average of the whole country. In Northampton district 33.7 per cent. of the men are employed in shoemaking, in that of Norwich 11 per cent. In Shoreditch and Bethnal Green the number is also high. In Luton district 39.2 per cent. of the women are employed in straw hat and bonnet making. Of the entire adult population of England and Wales 2.2 per cent. of the men, and 11.4 per cent. of the women, are engaged in menial service. The numbers of this class are highest in Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, Hastings, Bristol, and Clifton; lower in Liverpool and Hull; and still lower in Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nottingham, Bradford, and Merthyr-Tydfil. In the last-named place the proportion is 5 per cent. of the men, and 7.1 of the women. The proportion of men servants is high at Oxford (9.6 per cent.), and Cambridge (6.8 per cent.). In the Metropolis the average is 4.6 of men, and 18.1 of women. In St. George's, Hanover Square, the proportions are 24.1 of men, and 37.3 of women. In St. George's-in-the-East they are 1.1 of men, and 8.4 of women. But the lowest proportions are in Bethnal Green, where they are 1.1 of the men and 5.5 of the women. The above are some of the most striking facts; but it was impossible to present to the meeting much more than an indication of what were the contents of the tables upon which the paper was based. After some discussion upon this subject, a paper was read, written by Mr. H. Roberts, giving an outline of the Congrès de Bienfaisance, held at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in September, 1857.—After this a communication was read from M. Eugene Laman-ski, Secretary to the Imperial Statistical Society of St. Petersburg, giving a short account of the present state of statistics in Russia.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

WED. Society of Arts, 4.—Annual General Meeting.  
THURS. Zoological, 3.—General.

#### FINE ARTS

*Principia Typographica. The Block-Books, or Xylographic Delineations of Scripture History, issued in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, during the Fifteenth Century, Exemplified and Considered in Connection with the Origin of Printing. To which is added an Attempt to Elucidate the Character of the Paper-Marks of the Period. A Work contemplated by the late Samuel Sotheby, and carried out by his Son, Samuel Leigh Sotheby. 3 vols.*

THE very mention of early printing awakens a sense of discussion, of conflict upon a thoroughly unsettled question. The history of the world includes certain prominent and very violent factions, in which poor human nature has betrayed either its inefficiency, blindness, or perversity. Even among national disputes, like those of chariot colours, images, roses, rulers, and religious purification, the printing-ink question takes a high rank. The dispute at first was on a small scale, but it has grown with the increasing importance of the art into a stupendous question, and the mere towns of Mentz and Haarlem correspond as names to blue and green in the chariot contests under Anastasius and Justinian. The author of the volumes now before us distinctly avers, vol. iii. page 4, that his work "does not profess to be on the origin of printing, but on the block-books and earliest typographical works to illustrate the discovery of the art." How far, more or less, Mr. Sotheby has realized this intention we shall hereafter consider: we prefer to commence our examination with a view of the general appearance of the book, and unhesitatingly pronounce the plates to be the best part of it. The three volumes,

which, divested of really extraneous matter and many repetitions, would have made two very conveniently, abound in wonderfully accurate fac-similes of the crude old woodcuts, true in size to the originals (except where slightly disturbed by the paper having been damped to take some of the impressions), and reproducing all the flaws, breaks, and roughnesses which characterize the originals. The colour of the ink with which they are printed also contributes in no slight degree to mislead the beholder as to their antiquity. It is, in fact, almost requisite, by way of detection, to look to the back of the leaf and see whether any impression from the wooden ridges be perceptible, or whether the lines show through in brilliant gloss from the friction employed on the back, in the process first adopted in taking the impression. With one exception, the fac-similes here, it may be observed, are all executed in lithography, whilst the originals were wood engravings. The exception we mention is remarkable. A plate, lxx. in vol. ii., has been printed from an actual old wood-block, still in existence, of the series known as the Apocalypse of St. John. This wood-block was lent to the author by Lord Spencer, and a similar favour from the same wood-block was conferred on Mr. Dibdin, for his celebrated Catalogue of the Althorp Library. The thickness of the paper unfortunately prevents any trace of pressure being perceptible at the back; but the original impressions were taken on very thin sheets, and afterwards pasted together to form the volume. Block-books, it is hardly necessary to remind any of our readers, were so called, not from their actual shape or appearance, but from the solid mass of wood engraved in one piece, which was employed to stamp each page. In the first stage of the process, every letter, every sign, every curve, had to be engraved independently of the rest. The simple principle of stamping was the first condition. Moveable letters, like our modern spelling alphabets for children, formed the second. It would obviously be a great advantage if all the letters already carved and used for the text of one page could be set in a fresh combination, and be made to serve for a new one. The ingenious inventors soon devoted their skill to this, and from this moment letter-makers ceased to be spellers or literary men by necessity: the division widened between the workman and the intelligent describer as the art of founding or casting types in metal became established. The exact period of the introduction of metal types is scarcely known, and the juncture at which the earliest moveable wooden types were first employed, or where they are now to be detected, still remains a very difficult question. The origin of the adoption of moveable type most probably arose in the engraver's having occasion to correct an error. Even in modern times when this necessity arises the workman cuts out the part at fault and drives into the same place a fresh piece of wood, taking good care to keep it perfectly level with the surface of the rest. This modern process is termed "plugging"; but from the danger of splitting the main block it is seldom resorted to.

An alteration of name to accommodate the change of circumstances on one of these old blocks is fairly detected by Mr. Sotheby, vol. i. page 180. In a scroll over a certain figure the name stands in some impressions *Jacobus de Breda*, and in others *Joannes Bergis*. Hence, it is probable that the latter was a substitution as soon as the *Jacobus* was no longer required. The figure against which the scroll is appended is assumed, somewhat fancifully, by Mr. Sotheby, to be intended as a portrait of Lawrence Coster; but it has evidently served so many uses, like the old cuts of heroes in the Nuremberg Chronicle, which are not Protean, but fully illustrate the limited liability of "what's in a name?" that we can only accept it as a simple figure of Daniel in the original composition belonging to the 'Speculum Humane Salvationis.'

Ottley, in whose judgment we have implicit faith, and whose zeal and ready perception must be admitted by all parties, gives an admirable proof of the adoption of moveable type. In the text of the Dutch edition of the 'Speculum Humane Salvationis' several words occur which have letters



in them of perfect form; but so inappropriate to the rest that it can only be attributed to inadvertence of the compositor in making use of the moveable type. For instance, the Dutch word *capittel* (chapter), which frequently occurs in the volume, is in one instance, spelt *carittel* (charter), and in others *capittel* and *capistel*. The Speculum, there is no doubt, was printed with moveable type; but the letters may have been of wood. It is difficult to admit Mr. Otley's instance of the break in the letter *u* to prove that the letter had been cast, since the same effect might have been produced by an accident to a wooden letter. His ingenuity in looking for distortion in some of the lines of letters, which would indeed show them to be *metallic* (page 245, vol. i.), deserves the fullest recognition, and it is to this accomplished writer, after all, that the original views followed by subsequent writers are due.

The age of theological disputations was relieved by the efforts of certain monks in their cloisters to educate the people. Scenes from the lives of saints and popular legends were painted on the walls, and there was even then a considerable tendency to impart Biblical knowledge. But it was accompanied by certain restrictions. Bible stories as narrated by Comestor and other writers were transcribed, and, by a peculiar kind of sophistry, arranged in such a manner on opposite pages or adjacent columns as to afford parallels between events narrated in the Old and New Testament; thus, for instance, where Isaac and David were frequently made to correspond with Jesus Christ both as a sufferer and deliverer. Jonah being devoured by the whale was set as a parallel with Joseph thrown into the well, whilst the escape of the Prophet after a detention for three days and three nights was made to correspond with the Saviour emerging from the tomb, the Resurrection, and deliverance from the jaws of death. Innumerable subjects arranged on this principle were easily found, and were applied not merely in manuscripts and wall paintings, but frequently in sculptures and especially glass windows. Canterbury and King's College Chapel at Cambridge afford the best instances that can be cited in England. This mode of teaching having become popular, the promulgators readily availed themselves of the new stamping process, and had rude woodcuts done, which were coloured afterwards by hand, just as was done in modern times before chromolithography had swept all before it. Each page was impressed from a single block, and then formed into books for general distribution. The date of the oldest stamped pictures is of a far-remote period. Of all books prepared by these means two were most extensively in request, the 'Biblia Pauperum' and the 'Speculum' already mentioned.

Innumerable copies of these picture books exist in manuscript; many are in the British Museum. So popular did they become when once printed that various repetitions, even in wood-blocks, were made for use in other countries. Considering, also, the difficulties of travel in those days, it is not improbable that every principal convent would have its own engraved blocks, and so issue them in particular districts. The differences observable among so many copies have led to great variety of opinions as to what editions they formed, and as to the relative periods in which they were issued. On these points in particular we find the "doctors differ."

Heineken, one of the earliest writers on these subjects, lays down a regular scheme for the order of succession of the various Dutch and German editions. This is in due course of things demolished by Otley and Sotheby, neither of whom allows the patriotic old Baron much credit for his judgment or performance. It would weary the reader were we to lay before him even a single code of the changes that these various writers have succeeded in ringing. One test of priority is clearly established relating to these wood engravings. Those which have the lines least broken are the earliest. Otley contrived with much ingenuity to set these differences forth in his 'Inquiry into the History of Engraving' more than forty years ago, and even at the present day remains undisturbed in his clearness and simplicity. The history of the invention or early art of printing receives no decided illustration

at the hands of the father of the three folio volumes. His last words record his adherence to Holland as the birthplace both of moveable and block type.

The circumstances connected with the origin of the art were, as some of our readers may remember, made the subject of a play some three years ago [*Athen. No. 1480*], in which an historic doubt was converted into a dramatic certainty. The success of 'The First Printer' failed, we are inclined to believe, in no small degree, owing to the decided colour, and without fair ground, which was made to invest the principal character. Coster, in the play, was not connected with the Sacristan, and Gutenberg was painted as an ungrateful robber and deliberate villain. The Latin narration of the event given by Junius seems to obtain most universal credit,—and Mr. Sotheby spares no pains to give the account in every possible variety of form. (See Otley, pp. 173 and 197.) Both favour Coster, and both admit the priority of Haarlem. In illustration of this personage, we find, at p. 157, vol. iii., a fac-simile of the signature of Lawrence Coster as auditor of some accounts. The autograph is LAURENS JAN ZOEN, with a peculiar flourish below it. The late Mr. Sotheby found it on a leaf of an old account-book given to him by M. van Sypesteyn. It corresponds with one published by M. Koning in his Dissertation, &c., Amst. 1819. Coster, or Koester, was an official designation—not a name—and signified Sacristan, with which the office of churchwarden was also probably united.

Junius, the celebrated writer, clearly attributes the printing of the 'Speculum' to Lawrence Coster, in his book first printed in 1588. In the same pages also he narrates the steps by which Lawrence advanced his discoveries from letters cut in solid blocks to separate pieces, from the substitution of metal—lead at first—to the adoption of pewter, as being more capable of resisting pressure. The old tutor of Junius had himself often heard an old man—once a bookbinder in the house of Coster—relate the circumstances of the treachery of John, who stole and carried with him the new invention to Mentz,—but there is no proof whatever, nor does Junius assert it, that Fust the printer was that same John. The old pewter types had been cast into drinking cups, and were in his time still preserved in the house which Lawrence had occupied at Haarlem. Otley (page 198) very reasonably concludes that the type stolen from Coster was cast. Mr. Sotheby, finding an edition of the 'Speculum' in which some pages of block-printing are inserted among the rest of moveable types, connects the circumstance at once with the robbery related by Junius. Our author infers

"that, at the time of the robbery, the printer had no immediate means of replacing the loss sustained, and that it was considered more economical to have the pages wanted to complete his Third Edition cut in wood than to have a new font of type cut or cast. Then, it may be asked, why did he not also, in the same way, complete the two pages in the Second Edition with block-type? To which I reply, that, in the one case, the printer had only to give the wood-cutter an impression of each page of text from the First Edition as his copy; but in the other he had none to give, it being the First Dutch Edition. I am therefore induced to think that the Second Edition was not issued until the printer was possessed of the new type, which was afterwards used in the Fourth Edition. Though the printing of pages 45 and 56 may have been delayed, the breakages in the impressions of the designs prove the edition to have been executed before the Second Latin Edition, so that it may have been printed as early as 1441."

Another class of book besides Bible-prints was connected with some of the very earliest efforts of printing, namely, grammars for schoolboys, which were called after the name of the celebrated Donatus, preceptor of St. Jerome, in the fourth century, and indeed the term *Donat* was, in the language of Longlande and of Chaucer, equivalent to a lesson or introduction to any kind of learning. Ulrich Zell, in the 'Cologne Chronicle,' printed 1499, distinctly states that the first idea originated in Holland from the Donatuses, which were printed there even before the invention (*query* introduction), at Mayence. The most extensive block-book known is the 'Mirabilia Romæ,' issued between 1476 and 1484. It is composed entirely of block-type, and consists of no less than 184 pages of block-text. The author is at a loss to account for such an extent of massive printing, when moveable types had so

long been in use. We look in vain to Mr. Sotheby's work for fac-similes of the principal celebrities in the way of xylography. Neither are the St. Christopher, with its valuable date on it, from Buxheim, nor the companion woodcut to it of the Annunciation, nor the much-talked-of woodcut from Brussels [see *Athen. No. 936*, for fac-simile], nor the St. Sebastian, also dated, to be found. Surely, for fairness of comparison, these might have been included, and, moreover, the success with which the other cuts have been reproduced, leads us the more to regret that the benefit was not extended in this important direction. An examination of the various marks in the paper, in which Mr. Sotheby again follows Otley and M. Koning, leads to several very curious points of information. The general result favours entirely the design that the 'Speculum' was first printed in Holland (Otley, vol. i. page 227). The frequently recurring water-mark letters, P and Y, are shown to be connected with Philip Duke of Burgundy and Ysabella his wife. That water-marks had occasional reference to the book about to be printed, is shown in the old Bible printed by Eggesteyn, where, in every instance, a bull's-head device is made use of, excepting throughout the Books of Kings; on which pages a crown is invariably employed. The foolscap, an actual device, does not occur earlier than the impression of Caxton's 'Golden Legend.' The horn (which afterwards became the post-horn) was used as early as 1370. These two last water-marks are interesting as giving the origin of the present established sizes of paper recognized in all our places of business.

In Continental fashion, a grand full ballet is performed between the two acts of the opera; Mr. Sotheby favours his readers with a similar interpolation. In the midst of vol. ii., without any preparation, the reader finds himself in a series of papers upon "antiquarian and literary forgeries." Gold and silver forgeries of coins and other antiquities in collections formed by Athanasius, Hertz, and others, false engravings, Shakespeare papers by Ireland, and forged letters of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, all pass in review,—Simoniades is also paraded, and in course of these narrations certain pages of our own journal are largely held up to view. At page 120, the mischief peeps out. Mr. Sotheby, thinking that his block-books will have a wide Continental sale, desires to make it the medium to convey a reply to certain strictures which had been made on his statements relating to the writings of Philip Melancthon. Then follows much upon Luther and Melancthon. Then we are thrown suddenly back upon ancient typography and—to correspond with act ii. of the opera—have 'Pater Noster, a block-book of ten leaves, &c.' set before us. We have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Sotheby's work a most difficult book, because so irregular—a curious book, because so full of various and extended information; but it is, at the same time, truly to be regretted that those who read his first volumes have not the benefit of the corrections of his concluding pages, or the completeness of his after-thoughts. Had the plates themselves been inscribed with the titles both of subject, edition, and what work they were taken from, they would have been far more directly useful. In their present state real working readers will have much trouble in completing their references. Great thanks, however, are due to the author for his very extended research, and for the handsome manner in which his volumes have been executed. His name will always hereafter rank prominently among those who have tended, by the fullness and fidelity of the illustrations in particular, to increase our knowledge upon certainly one of the most interesting branches of mediæval literature.

*Tales of the District of Rheims—[Les Contes Rëmois].* By M. le Comte de C—. Dessins de E. Meissonier. (Paris, Lévy; London, Nutt.)

If we review this book as a work of Art, there is nothing to be said of it that would not be, and that in a more than ordinary degree, eulogistic. Here are three dozen and a half of stories, easy in rhyme and detestable in principle, and at the head of each story there is a vignette exquisitely drawn,—clear

and graceful. There is no dollish beauty in the women and girls; but for shape and position Anadyomene might burst her stay-lace with envy. In all these female outlines the distinction of condition is clearly marked, whatever be the costume put on. The drapery is natural and perfect, and the figures themselves are, in their silence, more pleasantly eloquent than when they, of whom they are the representatives, are made to speak by the author. The men are, of course, less attractive; but they are to the full as natural and truthful. Old or young, impudent rich or cunning poor, *marquis or manon*, husband or lover, duper or duped, the *seigneur* or the serf, layman or churchman,—every one tells his own tale, not as the author tells it, but as an innocent examiner of these gems might more wittily and less dirtily guess it. The grouping is as masterly as the individual personages; there is life and purpose in one and all; and the scenes and the accessories of the scenes are as charming and appropriate as any work of Art that ever came from the hand of a zealous, conscientious, and thoroughly able artist. It is creditable to M. Meissonier that having such a book to illustrate, he has done so, not in the spirit of the letter-press, but in that of a man who rather loves to dwell upon the graceful and the humorous than upon the sensual, and who can work with a free hand, delicately suggesting, but never offending. We could almost fancy that M. Meissonier may have first made these charming designs, and then obtained a friend to illustrate them by stories. If so, he has been ill-served.

When the despotic Louis the Fourteenth was offended by the salutary truths of a Dutch newspaper-writer, His Majesty contrived to get hold of the poor wretch, and to drive him mad, by the cruelty of his imprisonment. On the other hand, Louis neither did homage to virtue himself, nor cared that the writers of his day either rendered or recommended that homage. As long as an author kept free from intruding offensively on politics, he might undermine the principles of honour and virtue, if it so pleased him. So, even as late as three quarters of a century ago, a political satirist was broken alive upon the wheel in Rome; but the writers of stories which taught men and women alike that it was a good joke to overthrow virtue, or make it ridiculous, wrote on and offended with impunity. The very heathens have known and often acted better than this. Pythagoras himself, whose pardon we ask for alluding to him when speaking of heathens, has said what we especially recommend the Comte de C—to take to heart—that there is something above a merely beautiful woman, namely, the beautiful and modest woman.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Mr. Disraeli has answered an appeal for help to the Dargan Fund. Our readers know how many years the 5,000*l.* collected in the name of a very honourable man—who refused to accept personal distinction alike from his sovereign and his fellow-citizens—has hung on hand without an attainable object. This money was very properly assigned to the erection of a National Gallery of Fine Arts for Ireland. But what could be done with 5,000*l.*? Government added 6,000*l.* more. But what could be done even with 11,000*l.*? Irish munificence failed to strengthen the purse of the Committee. No gallery grew up in Dublin. The money lay waste. But now that we have a Ministry for giving everything to everybody, the Committee take heart of grace and apply again to the Government—this time for 12,000*l.*, 5,000*l.* down—and Mr. Disraeli concedes the request so far as concerns the 5,000*l.* down. We are glad of it. Dublin has already a capital School of Design,—why should it not have a School of Art? Irish genius is eminently bright and plastic—full of colour, fire and imagination. The country that sent us a Maciase and retained a Hogan can only require opportunities for study in order to produce a race of great artists.

The Queen has just purchased the Baron de Triqueti's marble statue of 'Edward the Sixth as Leader of the Protestant Faith,' for the sum of 500 guineas. It has been exhibited during the past fortnight at M. de Sachy's Gallery, in Great Marlborough Street. A small fountain, composed

of a standing figure of Susannah, with a marble slab background, and herself the emblem of purity, has become the property of the Duc d'Aumale. A third work of the Baron is still visible, the mother of Moses holding her child in her arms preparatory to his consignment to the river Nile. The form of the composition is an alto-relief in a circular frame, the upper part of the figures being alone visible. The female appears to be a type of the Virgin Mary; the sturdy infant grasps a lotus-flower with energy sufficient to indicate his future character. Bullrushes form the background, and the sides are crowded with natural objects,—a fault, to our way of thinking, which the foreign school is apt to fall into.

Loungers in St. James's Park may have observed a huge wooden experimental pedestal, hovering about in the neighbourhood of the Horse Guards. It is understood to refer to the coming statue of Havelock, and will very probably settle down near the northern entrance to the parade from Spring Gardens, where a lofty mass would accord well with the grand towers of the Houses of Parliament and the venerable Abbey.

During the past week Messrs. Hodge & Lowman, of Regent Street, have been exhibiting some "Crimean Hero Table-Cloths," which have been manufactured at Dunfermline, by command of the Queen and the Emperor of the French. They are of fine work, and ornamented with medallion portraits of the Crimean Generals, living and dead. To those who remember the old Dutch table-linen, white, smooth, and lavendered, and which, when looked at in certain cross-lights, betrayed heroic Marlborough tramping in 42-pounder jack-boots over damask-fields, these new fabrics will suggest interesting remembrances.

In summing up the results of the Science and Art Department for 1857, the Lord President says—"The various Metropolitan Museums and Exhibitions in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, have been visited by 553,853 persons, being an increase of as many as 186,915 persons on 1856. The visitors to the Botanical and Zoological Gardens in Dublin have been 168,098, showing an increase of 10,222 persons on 1856. The circulating Art-Museum has been sent to Stourbridge, Worcester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee, and 36,024 persons have consulted it. The various Schools of Science and courses of public scientific lectures have been attended by 10,372 students. The total number of students connected with the Schools of Art, or under inspection, has been 43,212, being an increase of 25 per cent. on the numbers returned in June, 1856; whilst the cost of the State assistance, from being an average of 3*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* per student in 1851, before the reform of the Schools of Design, has been reduced to an average of 13*s.* 13*d.* per student, the instruction at the same time having greatly improved, and the means for study largely increased. The success of the removal of the Science and Art Department, from Marlborough House to South Kensington, has been so signal as to require some special notice of it. The number of students in the Art-Training School at Marlborough House, during the session ending February, 1856, was 292. The number, in the month of last March, at South Kensington, was 407. The visitors to the Museum, in less than ten months, have amounted to 439,997 persons, being nearly five times the average numbers annually that attended Marlborough House. [The numbers for twelve months have been 488,361.] The experiment of opening the Museum in the evening has shown that that is the time most convenient to the working classes to attend public museums. Comparing time with time, the numbers have been five times as great in the evening as in the morning. The provision of somewhat increased space has enabled the Department to be useful to all the local Schools of Art, in the circulation and lending of the articles in the Museum, and the books and prints in the Library. These are no longer metropolitan institutions, but are essentially national in their influence. The South Kensington Museum is the storehouse of the United Kingdom, and every School of Art is privileged to borrow from it any article that is safely portable. The provision of increased space has

enabled the collections of Art, for the first time, to be properly exhibited to the public. It has also enabled other collections to be made and properly displayed, and it has been proved that if space be provided by the State, the people are willing to fill it. This is shown by Mr. Sheepshanks' munificent gift of British pictures, now properly displayed, by the Animal Collection, the Patent Collection, the Architectural Collection, the Educational Collection, and the collection of Sculpture; in all of which the objects have been almost wholly provided by the public."

The colossal monument of Leonardo da Vinci is not to adorn the Piazza S. Fidele, as was first intended, but the finer and larger place before the Theatre della Scala.

We hear from Berlin—"The statue of the Electress Louisa Henrietta (author of the celebrated hymn, 'Jesus meine Zuversicht') has been conveyed with some solemnity to Oranienburg, its place of destination. It is eight feet high, and has been cast in zinc and galvanically bronzed in the zinc foundry of Herr Geiss. The right hand of the Electress is stretched out, holding the document of the foundation of the Orphan Asylum at Oranienburg; the left, hanging down gracefully, touches the ermine mantle that falls from her shoulders and is fixed in front by clasps and cords. The hair, falling down on both sides in curls, is put up in a knot behind and adorned with the princely diadem. The pedestal on which the statue will be erected is of freestone, and nine feet high. On a bronze slab in front of it are inscribed the words, 'To the magnanimous re-founder of this town, Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, born Princess of Orange, as a lasting memorial, the grateful citizenship of Oranienburg, 1858.' The artist is Herr W. Wolff, of Berlin."

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Rubinstein's Last Performance in London this season, TUESDAY NEXT, at the DIRECTOR'S GRAND MATINEE, St. James's Hall. Programmes: Quintet in D, Mozart; Quintet, E flat minor, Hummel; Rhapsody, sung by Mr. Santley, Piatti; Sonata, Piano-forte Solo, E minor, Op. 8, Beethoven (by desire); Vocal Piece, sung by Madame Lemmens-Schertzinger; Violin Solo, Joachim; Paganini; Piano Solo, Nocturne, Field; Berceuse, Chopin; Turkish March, Ruins of Athens, Beethoven. Executants: Joachim, Piatti, &c., and Rubinstein. Doors open at half past Two. Three o'clock. Doors open at half past Two. Visitors' Tickets to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Ollivier, Bond Street.

J. ELLA, Director.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Joachim, on TUESDAY, the LAST MATINEE, will play in Mozart's Quintet in D, Beethoven's Romance in G, and Paganini's Caprice. Madame Lemmens-Schertzinger will sing. Rubinstein and Piatti will also play Concerted Music and Solos.

**WILLIS'S ROOMS,** King Street, St. James's.—Miss ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce a MATINEE MUSICAL, to take place THIS DAY, June 26, to commence at Three o'clock precisely, when she will be assisted by Herr Joseph Joachim, Herr Goffie, and Signor Piatti. The Programme will include Schubert's Sonata in A minor, Op. 41; Dussek's Quartet in E flat; J. S. Bach's Suite in F major; Theme, with Variations for Piano-forte and Violin; and Beethoven's Grand Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved Seats, 7*s.*; to be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square; of the principal Music Publishers at the West End; and of Messrs. Keith & Frowse, Chesapeake, City.

**MISS KEMBLE** has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Eglintown, her MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Gallery of Bridge-water House, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Viardot Garcia, Mr. Santley, Signor Mario (his only appearance at any Concert this season), Mr. Charles Halle, Signor Piatti, and Herr Joachim. Tickets, One Guinea each; to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the principal Music-sellers.

**MARYLEBONE LIBRARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION,** 17, Edwards Street, Finsbury Square. Under the guidance of patronage, Mr. ALBERT SCHUBERT has been announced that he will give a grand VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT on MONDAY EVENING, June 26, 1858, when the following distinguished artists will appear:—Vocalists: Miss Louise Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss St. Clair, Madame Bassano, and Madame Weiss; Mr. W. Harrison, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Weiss, M. Jules Lafont, and Herr Fischer. The Swedish singers, who had the honour of singing before Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, will attend in their national costume and introduce several national airs. Instrumentalists: Violin, Mlle. Sophie Humler, sister of the late Mlle. Humler; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Piano-forte, Herr Wilhelm Kube; Flute, Mr. Eben (his first appearance in this country); Flugel Horns, Messrs. H. W. and T. Distin; Harmonium, Herr Engel. Conductors: Mr. Benedict, Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. George Loder, and Mr. Francesco Berger. Doors open at half-past seven, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Reserved Seats, numbered, 5*s.*; Unreserved Seats, 2*s.* 6*d.*; to be had at the principal Music-sellers; of Mr. Rums, St. James's Street; of Mr. Mitchell, Bond-street; and of the Secretary at the Institution.

**MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.**—THE LAST CONCERT of the present season will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, July 2, commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock. Miss Arabella Goddard, Violoncello, Signor Piatti—Stalls, 3*s.*; Gallery, 2*s.*; Area, 1*s.*; at the Hall: Addison, Hoellier & Lucas, 210, Regent Street; and at Frowse & Co.'s, 45, Chesapeake.



CAMBRIDGE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, at the Residence and under the immediate Patronage of the Right Hon. Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston.—Mdlle. HORTEN PARENT, Élève et Premier Prix de Piano et d'Honneur du Conservatoire de Paris, has the honour to announce that her first public performance in this country will take place on MONDAY, July 5, at Three o'clock precisely, at Cambridge House. Mdlle. Parent will on this occasion be assisted by several of the most eminent artists.—Tickets, One Guinea each; to be obtained at 7, Warwick Street, Charing Cross; and at the principal Music Warehouses.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street and Piccadilly.—In consequence of the great and increasing success which attends each representation given by the CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, they will have the honour of giving TWO MORNING PERFORMANCES at the above new and magnificent Hall, on MONDAY, July 5 and 12, to commence each day at Three o'clock precisely. Programme and full particulars will be duly announced. Boxes and Stalls (numbered and strictly reserved). 5s.; Area, 3s.; Back Seats, 1s.; Galleries, 1s.; to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old Bond Street; at all the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; and at the St. James's Hall, from Eleven till Four (Piccadilly entrance).

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

"*Sur les Plots*," *Afloat*, *Barcarolle*.—"*Jours Heureux*," *Happy Days*, "*Morceau de Salon*" (Op. 30, Nos. 1 and 2). By Lindsay Sloper. (Schott & Co.).—Mr. Sloper is one of the English professors who write too little,—habit of writing being all that is required to give him a substantive place of his own among the composers of Europe. A certain aridity and over-anxiety distinguish his music, which, we are satisfied, might disappear if the hand were exercised more frequently; since form, selection, melody—originality, in short (we cannot repeat it too often) are in Music not so much perfected by meditation as by practice. This is totally distinct from the habit which sundry estimable composers are known to cultivate, of filling a given number of bars every day. That becomes mechanism: whereas craft (the poet's craft, the painter's craft, the singer's craft) can only be attained and maintained by exercise—not formal indeed, but frequent. In both these two light pieces, the thoughts are good, the treatment clever, the finish meritorious: in both there is too much research, too little flow.

True ease and nature come by art, not chance, As those move easiest who have learnt to dance, —says the didactic rhyme.

M. Kullak stands at the antipodes of Mr. Sloper, for here are his Op. 99 (*Deux Valse Caprices*, 1 and 2) and Op. 100, "*Sang und Klang*" (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4), are on the table. Mr. Kullak falls far short of Chopin, and does not reach near M. Stephen Halper. We do not say that he tries to ape either, but he reminds us of both; and this while he also shows that little bit of "self" without which neither man nor music is other than insipid.—In his "Caprices," this is very faintly shown: the first is simply Chopin-esque; the second has a touch here and there less unmistakably borrowed.—Op. 100 may be a little more individual of the two; and the third movement (for it consists of four single movements) is perhaps the best. The fourth might have been written as parody on the well-known regiment-tune in Donizetti's "*La Fille*."

*Tarantelle pour le Piano*. By A. Rubinstein. (Ewer & Co.).—Were this a lazy moment—if there be ever such thing in London—we could turn it to account by sketching a list of *Tarantellas*, ancient and modern; and by showing how that spider-dance has fascinated the gravest as well as the gayest of composers. It would be instructive to point out, not merely how good the generality of their efforts have been,—but also how curiously wide has been the variety, within limits which, to the superficial eye, could hardly be narrowed. M. Auber, Signor Rossini, Prof. Moscheles, Chopin, M. Heller, Herr Pauer, have all written excellent *Tarantellas*,—each as different from each as the faces of their writers. Then, we shall never forget—among the most excellent displays of delirious brilliancy and delicate caprice ever offered to the public—certain groups of real Neapolitan tunes, gathered, garlanded, and graced by Dr. Liszt, and flung off by him (in the days when "*Lohengrins*" and such grim stage things were still slumbering in chaos) with a rapidity, vivacity, and *finesse* equalled by no one who since has ruled or who now rules the keys—even if he rule them as despotically as does M. Rubinstein. This last striking pianist, however, has something of his own to say in the giddy "*Tarantella*" question. Objecting to the interruption in 3 (p. 9) as out of style in a move-

ment, the essence and effect of which lie in persistence, we are satisfied that this last of the twenty good *Tarantellas* in being is not the least good one.—In the first number of the second year of *Das Pianoforte* (Ewer & Co.), the collection of somethings and nothings which Dr. Liszt edits, there is a tremendous study by this vigorous Russian artist, for whose hands there seems to be no existing difficulty. With the exception of some of Dr. Liszt's "*Paganini*" studies, and one or two by M. Henselt (which, possibly, M. Henselt's self cannot execute), we remember nothing so formidable as this *Malakoff* study. But it is built on an idea; not merely on a string of passages for the terror of small-handed and feeble-minded persons.

Having strayed into "*Das Pianoforte*," in the wake of M. Rubinstein (and having lingered there longer than we might else have done, from feeling as if grudging justice has been paid to an undoubted man of genius in this country), a word or two may be added to mention that, together with M. Rubinstein's study, the number of the periodical in question contains a gracious *Romance* by Herr Ferdinand Hiller and a "*Polonoise*" by M. Moniuszko, both of which have merit. The latter is in the humour with which we made first acquaintance in Count Oginski's *Polonoises*,—with the melody given to the bass,—a humour most expressively wrought out by Chopin in his *Polonoise* in c minor. This new example, however, is far superior to a former *Polonoise* from the same hand, of which mention was made on its appearance.

"*La Bruyère*, *Emblème*, *Solitude*," Op. 45,—"*Deux Nouvelles Mazurkas*," Op. 46,—"*Na Palombella Ghianca*," *Chanson Populaire Napolitaine*, Op. 47, No. 1, by J. Blumenthal (Cramer & Co.), are new elegancies, trifles, fancies, or thoughts, as may be, by a pleasing and popular drawing-room artist. We conceive that M. Blumenthal might have been more; but he has chosen his *nuance*, and perfume, and position,—and man does well to abide by his choice. There is "a bit" of picture and character in most of the published music of M. Blumenthal. That he has not wrought out that bit into some tiny gem, or *caveau*, or small work of Art (not work of small art), which might become permanent, lies betwixt himself and his position.

Three *Lieder ohne Worte*, by Charles Hargitt, (Davison & Co.), are unpresenting and agreeable, but the form, we fancy, is exhausted.—*Troika*, *Première Fantaisie Russe*, par Auguste Gockel, Op. 3 (Ewer & Co.), has the air of an amateur attempt at a show-piece.—*Titanica*, *Pensée Fugitive*, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, Op. 40 (Ollivier), is prefaced by a title-page hard to decipher (thanks to the taste for ornate lettering and foreign language which is the mode just now). The thought is so fugitive that we fancy it may have escaped ere the manuscript was sent to the press.

"*Chasse*" and "*Tarantella*" (Addison & Co.) make up the fifth opus of Mr. Harold Thomas. In the days of Clementi, Dussek, Pleyel, Kozeluch, Beethoven, an opus meant three *Sonatas*—alias Symphonies for the pianoforte. We have now Minnows, indeed, where Tritons were. We have too often profited by the elegant and careful talent of Mr. Thomas as an accompanist not to wish that we could like his essays in print better than we do.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The last *Philharmonic Concert* of the season, being "a command" concert—one half of which was performed in the presence of Her Majesty—was rendered memorable by eccentricities on the part of the gas, which behaved much after the fashion of the lights at *Lucrezia Borgia's* opera supper, and which, by its windings and gradual extinction, did its best to spoil a very fine performance of Spohr's "*Scena drammatica*," by Herr Joachim. In the second act, however, when twilight was restored, the violinist took superb revenge by repeating Mendelssohn's *Concerto* as no one else now can play it. Such a performance is worth the price of a concert-ticket twice over, though still, in the *finale*, we missed that unfaltering staccato, equality, and steadiness which are wanted to give its completest effect to a movement always sparkling, but nowhere freakish.

Miss L. Pyne was the principal singer, and, we are sorry to say, did not sing well. The orchestra—possibly influenced by the misbehaviour of the gas—also behaved badly. A much coarser performance of Beethoven's flat *Symphony* has rarely been heard. So here is another year gone, and nothing done to maintain, if not to increase, the waning reputation of a Society to which the Beethovens, Mendelssohns, Webers, of Europe used to look as a home and an arena!

At Mr. Benedict's Concert on Monday,—while we do all honour to Mesdames Viardot and Alboni—while we do not wonder that Mdlle. Tietjens made so little effect in the sea-shore *scena* from "*Oberon*" (which, by the way, no one has sung so well as Mrs. Sims Reeves)—while we must regret that Herr Pischek was tempted out into Italian and a *bourgeois*, in his *scena* from Mr. Benedict's "*Old Man of the Mountain*"—while we do not like Herr Maurer's Sextour for violins, exceedingly well played as it was—while we must express in small space high admiration for M. Rubinstein's share in the *cadenza* to Bach's triple *Concerto* (in which he was associated with the concert-giver and with Herr Aloys Schmidt)—while we merely glance at these features, and novelties, and peculiarities,—we must dwell for a word or two longer on Pergolesi's "*La Serva Padrona*." How fresh, how pretty, is this trifle (not, therefore, trivial!) it would be hard to tell. Old though it be, it is not ancient. It could not now be written without seeming platitudes. It can again and again be heard in proper time and place, and when rendered by proper persons: but the place, to our thinking, is not so much Mr. Lumley's theatre as M. Offenbach's,—and neither Mdlle. Piccolomini nor Signor Rossi can sing well enough to do justice to the bright old music. Both acted cleverly—the little lady audaciously—in the real *buffo* taste of the farcical Italian stage. She has mistaken her vocation in attempting sorrowful and serious singing. In her own sphere she might have no peer. Altogether, this concert was one of Mr. Benedict's best, save in its giving us so little of the concert-giver's own music.

At M. Halle's Second *Matinée*, it was most interesting to hear, for the first time in public, Beethoven's second *Sonata*, with *violinello*, Op. 102; one of the works belonging to the decay of a giant in idea. Gigantesque indeed (without exaggeration) is the opening phrase of the *allegro con brio*, though as if sense of proportion had suddenly failed, the length of the opening movement bears no relation to the nobility of the thoughts expounded in it. The *adagio* which follows is a complete masterpiece: new, bold, arresting—with phrases of heavenly, expressive melody inwrought—an *adagio* which may pair off with the short *adagio* in the G major concerto: or with the more richly-decked movement in the D *trio*, Op. 70. It would be curious to hear what the anti-formalists, who conceive that they have warrant for every breach of form, make of the last movement to this *sonata*, which like the *finale* to Beethoven's *Sonata* in A flat, and the *allegro* to his *Fest-Overture*, is written with an attempt at formalities never indicated in Beethoven's earlier instrumental music, being in the *fugato* style. That it is clogged, crude, confused, has nothing to do with the design, but with the science shown by the worker in filling up his outline—and with his selecting power, which, we apprehend, became impaired in proportion as deafness sealed his ears. A second interesting novelty was the *Rondeau Brillant*, Op. 70, by Schubert, for pianoforte and violin. There are delicate and graceful ideas in this, sufficient to set up three *Rondos*, not one. The introduction, in D minor, is pompous and dramatic,—a major episode occurs in the middle of the *Rondo*, the elegance of which is magical;—but the whole composition is so untowardly heaped together, so needlessly prolonged, as to produce small effect, beyond such regret as appertains to lovely fancies wasted. There are few more provoking attempts at Art existing than Schubert's instrumental music,—his capital four-handed marches for the pianoforte always excepted.

There have been held, besides the above, a *Matinée* by Herr Derffel, a pianist of no mean attainments—another by Signor Andreoli (an

excellent performer in his Italian way, who seems to aspire to the succession of Signor Fumagalli)—a last *Matinée* by *Madame Szwed*;—a *Matinée* by *Madame Lemmens Sherrington*; and the annual morning concert given by *Madame Bassano* and *Herr Kuhe* in partnership. It will be seen that with an embarrassment of riches such as the above to provide for, the only possible course is specially to notice that which is of some remarkable novelty and interest.—Next week's music, however, culminating in the *Handel Demonstration* at Sydenham,—will give the ears even more to do and to suffer than the past seven days have afforded.

ST. JAMES'S.—Wherefore we like 'Phèdre' better than 'Fedra,'—on what grounds we prefer Racine's original to any translation,—and how far such adjustment of necessity influences our opinion of the actresses personating the heroine in French and in Italian,—it would be difficult to explain without an amount of minute comparison, not so much tedious as here impossible. Enough to say, whether the transfer from one stage to another be accountable for the fact or not, that the painful nature of the fable is more practically, tangibly, wrought out by the Italian than by the French actress, whom we have been of late years used to connect with Racine's tragedy. Madame Ristori's superiority in beauty, in womanliness, and in variety of passion over her predecessor are here against her. In her hands the tale does not become a legend of remote, impossible terror, but a history of suffering and crime brought close to us with a distress deepening into repugnance. She is somewhat less antique than Rachel; and in these facts and comparisons we come to see why the great Italian actress found an outlet for her genius in that 'Medea' which the other hesitated to approach. In *Fedra*, as in every other part played by Madame Ristori, the amount of invention is most striking. The avowal of her secret to the nurse—her semi-reluctant disclosure to *Hippolytus*—and her frantic grasp on his sword, when her passion fails to find response,—her reception of *Theseus*—most of all her scene of remorse in the fourth act, where she struggles like one already in the grasp of the Furies, and her frantic imprecations against the counsellor, whose acquiescence and incitements had lured her to her ruin,—were, in turn, subtle, forcible, various, and new beyond the reach of any one save herself. That the monotone of Rachel's execution will be found more impressive in England makes nothing, in our estimation, against the respective positions and conditions of these two remarkable women. Signor Majeroni, the *Hippolytus*, pleased us less than we had expected. He seems to us at once ungraceful, vehement, and cold,—but the part is an utterly thankless one; and, like that of the heroine in this grand but repulsive tragedy, can perhaps only be reconciled to us by its being treated in the high French fashion.—This gives us occasion to dwell for an instant on another matter, which has its importance in all these renderings,—namely, the dissimilarity in style, cadence, and humour betwixt French and Italian declamation. How much this tells in every case of tirade could be hardly overstated. The habitual tones of invective, irony, inquiry, stand in totally different places in the gamuts of the two countries; and hence it may well fall out that those who have been used to the one find themselves distanced when in the familiar places they meet with something entirely different, and may fancy the meaning incompletely rendered, when the fact is that they are dealing with a strange alphabet. Here is subject for a curious chapter in the Music of Oratory.

Another 'taking up of the glove,'—not attempted by her in France, where, indeed, it would be prohibited by the strict laws regulating the right of theatrical representation,—was ventured by Madame Ristori on Wednesday, when she played in an Italian version of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' The heroine's was Rachel's most effective and popular new part, though, to our thinking, false in many of its effects; because her strength was the strength of bitterness and concentration; whereas the dramatist designed that the heroine of the theatre should foil the

guilty woman of rank, by her artlessness, her impulse, and her play of genius—only once bringing out the darker passions of hate and scorn—in the recitation scene, where the tragedian uses her art to penetrate her rival's secret and to humiliate her pride. The public, however, accepted Rachel's version as the right one—powerful and painful it was, no doubt,—and may, therefore, we fancy, receive the translated *Adrianna* "with a difference." Madame Ristori's personation, however, has colours and beauties of its own, of which her predecessor never dreamed. She shows us more of the two natures of woman and actress—is tenderer to poor old *Michonnet*, her humble friend,—more trustfully impulsive in all her scenes with her lover. In those of duel with her rival, the scenes in the *boudoir* and in the *salon* of the *Princess*, she is less effective than Rachel, because she is more real. Though the scenes are of duel, and the battle is something like a drawn one—if, indeed, the poor actress is not worsted in the strife—Rachel chose that there should be no question—no indecision; and overtopped her enemy in both with a haughtiness and a triumph—out of place and out of nature, it may be, in the fullness of their victorious certainty; but which are more theatrically forcible than Madame Ristori's treatment. On the other hand, the appealing, reproachful gesture and look with which *Adrianna* takes leave of her wavering lover, as she quits the scene of her fatal victory, had a pathos worth much of the corrosive power of *Adrienne*; and this, we perceive, coloured those closing scenes of the play, which, in Rachel's hands, were merely awful and terrible. That Madame Ristori commands the terrors of the dying hour no one can doubt who has seen her *Lady Macbeth* and her *Pia*. Here, as in the last scenes of her *Camma*, her *Maria Stuarda* (how different!) are gentler inspirations, such as befit the departure of one loving and beloved,—stricken down by unmerited disaster in the prime of youth and beauty.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Every one knows the story of "Camilla Cottage," the country box built out of the profits of the third novel by "the then-Bookham-and-afterwards-West-Hamble-Hermit" (as Madame d'Arbly styled herself),—every one has heard how, when the walls were up and the floors were down, it occurred to somebody that such a thing as a staircase had been forgotten!—The case of *St. James's Hall* is not quite so doleful; yet we cannot help being reminded by the concert-room of the cottage. The fault complained of cannot be ascribable to Mr. Owen Jones, the architect; but it is odd that, after a committee of musicians had sat and sat again to determine on the internal arrangements of a music-room, there is not a single musician who enters the Hall that has not complained of the construction of the orchestra. This, it may be remembered, was questioned by us when the hall was opened; and the defect in accommodation has been so universally felt, that on Monday week, in his programme, Dr. Wyld absolutely broke forth into print, calling on the shareholders to agitate for some large and radical change. It is too late now to do this, without risk of spoiling Mr. Owen Jones's elegant room, yet the injury must be risked:—or the place may become a music-hall deserted, and concert-givers forsake St. James for St. George, or St. Martin, when they intend to assemble a full band and chorus.—Is there another capital in the world where so many failures of the kind occur as in London? We should be glad, in removal of a rebuke which weighs heavy on us, to know its name.

It is said that Mlle. Tietjens has been engaged for three seasons to come at *Her Majesty's Theatre*. We understand that Mlle. Spezia, who has been till now a cypher in the season of 1858 (though, like the German lady, under a long engagement), may appear in 'Nabucco' next week.—'Martha' is to be produced at the *Royal Italian Opera* on Thursday next.—Madame Persiani's appearance in 'I Puritani,' at *Drury Lane*, is most considerably reported by a brief mention of the fact having taken place.

We give a rumour or two on the authority of our contemporaries. The first is, that Prof.

Bennett has formally withdrawn himself from all connexion with the *Royal Academy of Music*. This will surprise no one who reflects that he is the one composer of European reputation whom that luckless establishment has ever turned out; and that, therefore, he had no figure nor place in the "illustrative" concert got up by the noble amateurs whose Mass was brought forward. So unanimously, indeed, is the feeling of every one with regard to this discreditable exhibition, that it will not surprise us—still less be any cause for regret—if such puny life as lingered in the *Academy* is shaken out of it by Wednesday's concert. Had artists as a body more moral courage to resist intimidation in the form of cajolery, such things could never happen. While, however, it may be feared that the present is not the last case of the kind by many on which we may have to animadvert, we shall not cease to fight the battle in defence of their independence, ungracious though the task be.—Another report is curious indeed, being none other than more last appearances of Signor Tamburini, who, it is said, may possibly join the opera company at *Drury Lane*, there to sing *Don Giovanni*. This we hope—in gratitude for much pleasure given us by the veteran in his young and maturer days—is not true.—Rumour the third (and a good one it is) mentions that Mr. Hullah is about to give a concert consisting of Mr. Horsley's music. This—respectively to both dead and living—ought to have the warmest support from every one that talks of "native talent."

This day week Messrs. Puttick & Simpson are about to bring to the hammer the music-books and MSS. of the late Mr. W. Ayerton,—a musical amateur who had tastes and associations connected with other arts than music (being one of *Elia's* set); who for some years edited the *Harmonicon*, who later wrote on the art in the *Examiner*, and whose collections were miscellaneous (to judge from the Catalogue), but comprised some precious and peculiar items. Among these may be mentioned a copious (we almost imagine unique) assemblage of opera-books; ranging from Handel's days to our own.—This should be kept together, in the hope that some day we may have a public musical library, as such thought meriting gradual enrichment.

Dog-day heat and mismanagement seem doing their united utmost to ruin the *Opéra Comique* of Paris. The librettists appear at their wits' ends to find subjects,—how else should they have conceived any alliment for music to exist in that *Damon and Pythias* 'Chapelle et Bachaumont,' whose 'Voyage' is known to such readers of French as travel beyond the verge of the 'Henriade,' and 'Athalie,' and 'Télémaque'! The music to this *opéra* is by M. Cressonnois.—Something more defensible may be found in the fact that the success of 'Le Médecin' has sent composers to *Molière*, from whom has been derived 'Les Fourberies de Marinette,' another *opéra* given at the *Opéra Comique*, with music by M. Creste.—M. Berlioz writes in a strain of praise so high, that we are tempted to ask if it be not a little sarcastic, concerning a new *bergerie*, 'L'Agneau de Chloé,' also in one act, set by M. Montaubry, which has just been produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.

Among the new arrivals from Italy may be mentioned Signor Rota, though his special talent—in which, every one assures us, he is most successful—as the composer of *ballet-music*, is one which, for the moment, bears small value in London. Our other news from the South are tidings of a summer opera, on a splendid scale at Rimini, where there is a new and magnificent theatre. But who are the singers? and where is the composer?

The Adelphi company commenced a brief engagement at Sadler's Wells on Monday, with 'The Green Bushes' and 'Our French Lady's Maid.'—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, also, at the Surrey appeared on the same day with 'Ireland as it was,' 'Our Gal,' and 'Barney the Baron.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. N.—J. D.—M. H. F.—M. K.—Anti-P.—An Old Playgoer.—F. M.—received.

Erratum.—P. 785, col. 3, line 15, for "Little Brieley" read *Little Briny*.



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